

# The Nation

VOL. XVIII., No. 5.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1915.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.]

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

KING GEORGE has this week visited the Allied armies in France, and has addressed a warm message, full of merited eulogies, to the French army. The chief event on the Western Front is the partial success of a local French offensive in Champagne. They have taken part of a salient, which jutted into their new lines north of Le Mesnil. It is the last remaining portion of the old German first line, and consists of a strongly organized quadrilateral of forts. The largest of these, the "Courtine," with a front of 1,300 yards, and four lines of trenches and tunnels, was successfully carried last Sunday. An obstinate struggle for its possession has continued ever since, and is not yet quite decided. A strong German attack with gas has been repulsed near Rheims, but on the whole the week has produced no movement of the first importance on any part of the front.

THE invasion of Serbia proceeds slowly, but with a sort of mechanical regularity. Germans and Bulgarians have now joined their forces in the tongue of Serbian land along the Danube, between Orsova and Widin, which separates Austria from Bulgaria. This means that the Danube banks are now clear of Serbian guns, and the flotillas which carry munitions to Turkey can now sail down the river unmolested. The main German advance down the Morava Valley is now proceeding rather more rapidly. It has made about fifty miles, and another eighty miles will bring it to Nish. The Bulgars, meanwhile, marching from the East, are

still investing Pirot, and occupy the Timok Valley, just beyond the frontier. They have taken Zaitchar and Kniashevatz, and their van is not much more than twenty miles from Nish. The Austrians on the far left of the broad advance, are believed to have taken Valievo, an important military depôt, and the chief arsenal at Kraguievatch must soon be reached. A moment may soon come when the main Serbian armies, if they are to escape complete encirclement, must abandon the main avenue of the invasion (the Morava Valley and railway) and retire to some outlying and mountainous region.

MENACING as the outlook is in the Serbian kingdom proper, it is rather worse in Macedonia. The Bulgarians have this week occupied the whole of North-East Macedonia, and taken its capital, Uskub, after hard fighting. Uskub is the key not only to the railway which runs north to Nish and south to Salonika, but also of the branch line to Mitrovitza, which supplies Kosovo and the region which used to be called Old Serbia. At one moment, the Bulgarians held the main line from Vrania to Veles (Kuprili). This last town has, however, since been retaken by the Serbs, if we may trust the news from Athens, and it is said that the Bulgarians have even been thrown back to Stip (Istib). The French troops have again been engaged with Bulgarians (chiefly Macedonian irregulars) between Strumitza and Krivolak, along the railway, and always with success. Our contingent, under General Mahon, has probably joined them.

WHILE due encouragement may be derived from these Franco-Serbian achievements, the fact remains that the Bulgarians are not being molested in their main line of advance. Marching west through Kosovo from Uskub, they are completing the encirclement of the main Serbian armies from the south, and they probably aim at joining hands with the Austrians, who are advancing from Vishegrad in Bosnia. If this junction could be effected in force, it would mean that the Serbians were cut off both from Montenegro and from Macedonia. The enemy is dispersing his forces widely, and perhaps recklessly. But he probably has in first line troops actually available about four to one of the Serbs, exclusive of those which he must detail to watch Roumania and Greece, and to protect Varna. At some point, unless the main Serbian army (say, 100,000 men) is to be destroyed by these converging invasions, it must break through the ring. The longer it waits to delay the German march up the Morava, the more difficult will it be for it to escape. Its leaders will not, we imagine, expect decisive relief from Salonika, for it is now distressingly clear that this relief cannot arrive in time or in sufficient measure.

MEANWHILE, naval action has begun against Bulgaria. It is reported that the Russians have bombarded Varna, while our fleet has bombarded Dedeagatch and Porto Lagos, on the Bulgarian coast of the Aegean, with deadly effect, if unofficial accounts may be trusted. Except that these ports may be useful as German submarine bases, not much is gained by their destruction. One of these German submarines has this week torpedoed

a British transport, the "Marquette," in the *Ægean*, but only 99 of those aboard her are missing. A minor naval casualty is the loss of a cruiser, the "Argyll," off the East Coast of Scotland. The "Argyll" was not of great consequence as a warship, and her crew will be more useful elsewhere.

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LORD LOREBURN raised the question of the Salonika Expedition in the House of Lords on Tuesday. No precise answer was given to his inquiry whether this enterprise was undertaken with the approval of the competent military and naval authorities. Lord Lansdowne's reply was not illuminating, and was little more than an appeal not to discuss the subject. He stated, however, that the British force which has landed at Salonika numbers only 13,000 men. "Serbia," it seems, "made a direct appeal to us for help," but the date of this appeal, an important detail, was not mentioned. There has, indeed, come this week from M. Pasitch a further appeal for prompt help, this time public, and couched in language which is manly but none the less grave. Lord Lansdowne frankly said that it is "highly improbable that the Serbian army will be able to withstand for any length of time" the double attack to which it is exposed. A larger force is under orders, but its destination is not decided, and the precise way in which we can best help Serbia must be left for "further and very careful examination."

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THE first really frank account of the situation at the Dardanelles was given this week in lectures by the two ablest and most experienced of the war correspondents who have lately returned. Mr. Nevinson, while eulogizing our men, especially the Colonials and the Lancashire Division, dwelt on the much better organization of the French, and attributed the failure at Suvla partly to bad staff work, partly to the inexperience of the new troops, and partly to the omission to supply water. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, in a broad review of the strategy, was even more critical and pessimistic. He did not believe that even if we could win through the Narrows, the road would be clear to Constantinople, for the Turks have fortified the whole channel. We are secure where we are, but he did not believe we could advance. He thought we ought to have landed on the mainland about Enos and cut Turkish communications. Twice an opportunity for advance had been lost for want of men. He thought the whole enterprise based on a miscalculation of the military strength of Turkey. We sent too few men and too few guns, and naval guns were no substitute for howitzers. He believed Bulgaria could have been won: the turning point came when the Bulgarian attachés with the Turks reported on our failure at Suvla. We could not help Serbia this year, and ought not to waste our strength merely on a belated effort.

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THE German attack on Riga, which seemed last week to be moving, is not yet much nearer to its goal. There is, indeed, little to report from this part of the field, except that German forces have now appeared to the west of Riga, in addition to what seems to be the main attacks from the south-west and south-east. Before Dvinsk, on the other hand, the Germans are making some progress, especially in the Illukst region, and claim to have carried the Russian lines at several points. But this is now slow trench warfare, and both Riga and Dvinsk are being obstinately defended by General Ruzsky, apparently with a determination to arrest the German advance definitely along the Dvina. Nothing is happening in the Centre, but on the River

Styr, where the Russians lately did so well, the Germans are again advancing. Further south, on the edge of Galicia, General Ivanoff has again won a notable success against the Austrians, capturing 7,500 prisoners. The first heavy snows have fallen on the northern section of the Russian lines, and little time remains for the realization of von Hindenburg's programme of wintering in Riga.

\* \* \*

THE Italian campaign is for most English readers the obscurest corner of the whole world struggle. The Italians must have large reserves of men; they had ample time in which to accumulate munitions, and they are faced by Austrian troops, who have shone nowhere else in the field. The difficulty of their Alpine frontier explains their slow progress. A big general offensive was attempted at the end of last week. The results so far are perceptible, but they do not materially alter the situation. Small gains are reported at many points of the inordinately difficult Alpine lines, especially near Riva, on the western side of the Trentino, but few if any of them give access to roads on which guns can advance. On the Isonzo lines some trenches have been carried, especially on the west bank of the river, and opposite Gorizia. But there is no gain which can be measured in miles, and the prisoners taken do not exceed 3,000. The "Times" correspondent sums up in the cheering phrase that, though the Austrian lines have not been broken, one can hear them cracking.

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THE fall of M. Viviani's Ministry seems mysterious only because the French censorship has absolutely suppressed all discussion of the crisis in the Press. It was badly shaken in the debate on the Eastern crisis which followed M. Delcassé's resignation, and the abstention of two hundred Deputies of the Left from the vote of confidence made its survival impossible. M. Viviani failed to find a successor to M. Delcassé, and his attempts at a general reconstruction only added to his difficulties. It is hard to read any general moral from the composition (so far as it is known) of the new Cabinet. M. Briand, as Premier, is a personality much less acceptable to the parties of the Left than M. Viviani. He has gathered round him distinguished men of all parties, but his Cabinet, if more eclectic than M. Viviani's, has also drawn more largely on Conservative reserves of talent. It includes M. Denys Cochin, a very able but very stalwart Conservative, and M. Méline, the father of high protection, but M. Combes and the Marxist Socialist, M. Guesde, have also entered it with such veterans as MM. Freycinet and Bourgeois. The age of these new men ranges from 70 to 88, and the Cabinet is rather one of resurrection than of concentration.

\* \* \*

THE new Cabinet is really a Council of elder statesmen, without portfolios, while the vital working offices have fallen to experts from the services, General Gallieni at the War Office, an Admiral at the Admiralty, and M. Jules Cambon, the brilliant ex-Ambassador at Berlin, as the real head of the Foreign Office, though he will rank only as Secretary-General under M. Briand. The significance of these changes is mainly personal, and their main features are really the departure of the unpopular M. Millerand from the War Office, and the employment of M. Cambon's great diplomatic talents at the Foreign Office. The doubtful question is whether the Radicals will now smile on their former *bête noire*, M. Briand, but the inclusion of M. Painlevé, who led the last revolt, and is a man of brilliant scientific mind, as well as a fine speaker, may be taken as a sign of confidence.

LORD LANSDOWNE's and Lord Curzon's remarks on the size of the Cabinet and the possibility of reducing it were somewhat equivocal. Lord Lansdowne, following Lord Cromer, thought that the efficiency of the Cabinet varied inversely with its size. This is a criticism of every one of the recent Cabinets in which Lord Lansdowne has sat. Lord Curzon went further still. He admitted that the War Committee must be subordinate to the Cabinet as a whole, but added that he "happened to know" that the size of the latter body was "under the consideration of the Prime Minister." It may be so, but we doubt whether Mr. Asquith ever contemplated the idea of reducing the Cabinet to a small War Directorate. Such a plan would destroy the Constitution for nothing, for the Cabinet would only produce the brain work of which it is now capable, and which has presumably been already devoted to the problems of the war. There has always been a certain concentration of responsibility in the shape of the War Council or the Dardanelles Committee. The trouble has been that these bodies have been unfurnished with considered military and naval advice, and have had to rely solely on Lord Kitchener, fortified here and there by Mr. Churchill's improvisations. Had the General Staff been recreated at the beginning of the war, in place of being destroyed, neither of the two worst blunders, the Antwerp adventure and the Dardanelles expedition, need have occurred.

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ON this point we cannot do better than quote the letter from a German officer named "Otto," which was found on his body last summer. It ran as follows:—

"Naturally we no longer believe in crushing the enemy, which is still the dream of National Liberals and other fanatics. But seriously, I think that with a little courage and with a little diplomacy (which has certainly sometimes failed us), we can manage and make an honorable peace. A peace through which Germany will retain the honor and glory of having held the whole world in check. A peace which will establish her prestige in Europe, and will enable her, after she has in twenty years repaired the damage, to establish a hegemony. On what do I base this conviction? Firstly, on our patriotism, on our sense of discipline, and our genius for organization; and, secondly, and more important still, on our adversaries' utter lack of organization. Certainly, if they could combine their resources with our initiative and methods we should be lost. The very thought of what we should do if we changed places with the English and the French, and the thought of how we should be threatened had they utilized the forces of the Allies, as we have done the Austrians and the Turks, makes me positively shudder. We should have our armies broken, like Winston Churchill's rats."

\* \* \*

THE full returns of the South African election brought no surprises. Labor, divided by the opposition of a minority to the war, and caught between the Ministerialists and the Unionists, has been nearly wiped out, retaining only four seats. The grand issue is safe, and a loyal Government re-seated in power. But the Nationalists, thanks to the influence of Mr. Steyn and Judge Hertzog, in the Free State, retain a block of twenty-seven seats. General Botha's Ministry, with fifty-four seats, is secure, but it depends for an absolute majority on the support of the forty Unionists. That is a delicate position, for though united on the war, these parties are sharply divided on some domestic issues, and the war can hardly dominate Colonial politics as completely as our own. A coalition might be the natural expedient, but General Botha pronounced against it during the contest, and it might drive some of his followers into the Nationalist ranks. The solution will doubtlessly be to avoid contentious domestic issues, and to maintain unity while the war lasts.

THE little that was left of the Declaration of London is gradually vanishing. An Order in Council has this week cancelled the article which laid down the principle that a ship's nationality is determined by the flag which she is entitled to fly. We shall revert to our former practice, and other circumstances, especially the ownership of the vessel, will be taken into account. There can be no doubt that Germans had evaded our blockade by acquiring, in whole or part, an interest in ships entitled to fly American or Scandinavian flags. One case, engineered by a Dane, is well known. Henceforth, if a vessel, partly owned by the enemy, should be seized, the enemy's share in her will be confiscated. Our blockade is thus somewhat tightened, and the continued success of our submarines in the Baltic has the same effect. There are signs in some of the minor German newspapers, which write in an almost tragic strain, of acute anxiety over the food problem. It is proposed that the meat supply should be taken over by the Government on the same plan as the bread ration, and an Imperial Commission is sitting to draw up a plan. It is not quite clear whether the difficulty is a real shortage in the supply or whether it is due mainly to disorganization and speculation. Probably both these causes are operative.

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THE American Press has been full this week of almost incredible revelations of a German plot to interfere with the despatch of munitions to the Allies. At the head of it stood a certain Fay, described as a lieutenant in the German army, and with him acted one Max Brietung, a business man, who was said erroneously to be connected with the oil industry. They had made large purchases of explosives, and had experimented with various devices for the destruction of ships, railways, and factories. The chain of evidence as to these preparations seems to be strong, and Fay has made a full confession, so damaging that some commentators are asking whether some ulterior motive lies behind it. These proceedings really amount to an attempt to wage war on American soil. The grave question is what official connection Fay and his accomplices had with the German Government and its agents in the States. They were amply provided with money, and Fay is said to have been in touch with the German military attachés. If these revelations are fully established by legal process they can hardly fail to have a serious diplomatic sequel. They have, meanwhile, aroused strong and justifiable anger against the amazing way in which Germany outrages American neutrality.

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"W. G." (writes "Wayfarer") was, I suppose, for years a greater hero to the mass of English men and boys than Nelson, the Black Prince, Bishop Latimer, or even Jem Mace. His personality was quite wonderful. He was a kind of man-elephant; from the time when he led his team into the field or took his place at the wicket to the moment when he retired it was hard to keep one's eye off his massive body. He was not a beautiful batsman like Trumper or "Ranji." The bat looked like a toy in his huge hands, and he handled it without grace. But his "placing" was wonderful. The best innings I ever saw him play was when he had to force the pace in order to win a match against one of the best of the Australian teams. The Englishmen were compelled to make the runs at the rate of over 120 an hour. The task was accomplished with ease by Grace (then in his second manhood), Shuter, and William Gunn (usually a slow batsman). Grace's running was as surprising as his hitting.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE COUNTRY.

THE country will welcome the announcement that, on Tuesday next, the Prime Minister will address Parliament, and through it, the nation, on the state of the war. Mr. Asquith is bound thus to speak to the nation, for he is its supreme representative. In that capacity he is directly assailed—his policy, his judgment, and his personality. By a hundred bye-paths of suggestion, the people have been invited to conclude that he is unfitted to direct their destinies in a passage which must determine their future. This assault is founded on an estimate of the campaign, and of the part the Empire has played in it, which we believe to be essentially false and misleading. But it is also a personal criticism. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey and the Cabinet in which they are two of the three most conspicuous figures, are associated in a view of British statesmanship which condemns them as jointly responsible for unpreparedness and indecision in action. That is a grave indictment. Its precise ground, indeed, we are never permitted to see. At one moment the *lâches* of the Prime Minister (or Sir Edward Grey) fill the scene. At the next the vision is withdrawn and that of a swollen and incompetent Cabinet takes its place. But we do not think that the personal issue can be avoided. It is quite simple. Mr. Asquith is, we suppose, the ablest head of a Cabinet that the country possesses. None of his colleagues would dispute this title, and the least loyal of them would be prepared to make his acknowledgment of the debt under which his chief's qualities of mind and temper have personally laid him. Are all these gifts, and the capacity of right and orderly government with which they are associated, while evidently superior to those of any member of his Cabinet or of any available statesman outside, so outweighed by other defects that Mr. Asquith ought to give way to some undiscovered genius? To be quite plain—is Mr. Lloyd George this man? And, if we may put the consequent proposition, is either or any political party, among whom admirers of Mr. George's attractive gifts abound, prepared to propose him as an alternative head of the Government? We wish to utter no disparaging comment when we say that such an exchange is unthinkable. What other presents itself? Mr. Balfour is a statesman of the same rank and quality as Mr. Asquith, but he is an older man. We search the field of Cabinet politics in vain for a third possible Prime Minister, and we conclude that the country would be indisposed to place its fortunes in the hands of Lord Curzon. It is equally unwilling to witness the *débâcle* of the Government which must follow the retirement of its governing spirits. We never thought highly of the Coalition, which has revealed the defects inherent in its constitution. But it must be protected against the kind of sapper who explodes the enemy's mines rather than his own.

Equally inadmissible is the proposal to turn the Cabinet, over-large as we may well hold it to be and over-infused with the atmosphere of mere debate,

into a Junta. The British Constitution is a massive structure, singularly irresponsive to jerry-building. For good or ill, the Cabinet has come to be an essential part of the design. It is a Committee of Parliament, proceeding from it and responsible to it for the conduct of the great administrative offices. You cannot destroy that association, or break it so far as the domestic concerns of our people are concerned, for that is the essence of the proposal, without a revolution. Nor would any gain accrue to the conduct of the war merely by setting up a Directorate in the shape of a Council of Three or Five or Seven politicians. What is the practical need? So far as the taking of military decisions is concerned, it is entirely proper that a Cabinet of twenty-one should be relieved of the more detailed controversies, and that that responsibility should rest with those colleagues whose work takes them closest to the scene of war. But we can conceive no form of British Government that can be called constitutional in which the greater issues of war and peace are withheld from the Cabinet as a whole. If we are not mistaken, it was precisely this error of procedure which was responsible for the disaster of the Dardanelles, and gave over that momentous business to the specious brilliancy of amateur suggestion. Call the new War Committee what we will, its subordination to the Cabinet is a matter, not merely of order in procedure, but of constitutional right.

It is here, indeed, that our newspaper constitutionalists have gone astray. They have thought of the Cabinet instead of fixing their eyes on what was behind the Cabinet. *At what point has the Cabinet been deficient as an organ for the prosecution of the war?* The answer is clear. It—and we—have been the victims of our national contempt of methodical brain-work. It has been deficient in the character and weight and deliberation of the military advice that has been tendered to it. There is only one body known to modern war capable of tendering such advice, and that is a General Staff. In Germany this body exists in a form which places it above even the greater commands in the fighting armies, and makes it the medium through which the essential ideas of the campaign are sifted with the utmost precision until they attain the measure of definite plans applicable to every emergency and contingency arising in the course of the war. It is, in a word, the thinking brain of the German armies. It cannot be maintained that no such organ has ever existed in this country. It was suggested and embodied by Lord Haldane, with full cognizance of the German scheme, separated from administration—which is not the business of a General Staff—supplied with the ablest heads in the Army, and fortified with such educational influences as could be extemporized in its behalf. Unfortunately, it was not maintained at its early efficiency by his successor, and on the outbreak of the war Lord Kitchener dissipated and destroyed it. From that moment the Government have relied on the single initiative of Lord Kitchener, neglecting to provide him with the means of informing himself as to the problems of the war, and the Cabinet with those authoritative and formal findings upon them which it is the business of a General Staff to supply. We believe this deficiency to lie directly at the root of the



graver errors of the war. It is being remedied, but it is high time to reconstitute the General Staff, not as a makeshift, but as an established centre of the best thought that the Army and Navy can command. There, and not in random abuse of the Prime Minister, or in random blows at the Constitution or the integrity and unity of the Government, lies the way of safety and of victory to which the superior resources of the Allies entitle them, and which our inferior intellectual method puts in jeopardy.

### THE RETURN OF RUSSIA.

THE bogies which an irresponsible Press continues to manufacture for Russia do not meet with the fate they deserve. For several months Germany's advance into Russian territory was almost continuous. One strong place after another was taken, until some of us came to give ready hospitality to any fiction about our Ally, provided it were sufficiently depressing. The mood survives, and is evident in the ease with which we drink in the colored news that Riga or Dvinsk, or both, are about to fall. Yet the very fact that to-day it is only about Riga or Dvinsk that our fears centre, should give the reflective pause. Two months ago the air was full of larger views. Kiev, Odessa, Moscow, Petrograd—these were the objectives of Germany's immediate attack. We had even begun to discuss the readjustments necessary when Germany reached Odessa, Moscow, or Petrograd. The fact that to-day these names are seldom heard of in the German plans is a convincing proof of a striking change. If Germany has abandoned, even temporarily, these objectives, the reason can only be that with her present resources she finds them beyond her power. She may be weaker, or Russia may be stronger. But no one can doubt that she has not achieved what she set out to do, and that the atmosphere has completely changed during the last two months.

August was the month of Germany's most spectacular successes. At the beginning of the month she took Mitau. A few days later the object of a year's fighting fell into her hands, when Prince Leopold entered Warsaw. Ivangorod inevitably followed. Over the whole front the German armies pressed forward. On the 17th, Kovno, the outpost of Vilna, fell. Two days later, after an heroic defence, Novo Georgievsk was taken. Then Osawiec succumbed. A few days later, Brest-Litovsk, the centre of the Bug defensive line, fell, and Olita was entered on the following day. Grodno, the last of the Niemen defences, fell on September 2nd, and the German advance continued for about a fortnight, and then slowed down to a halt. There was an attempt to envelop the Russians near Vilna; but it failed. And already at the end of August, there were movements on the southern section of the line which interrupted the German tide of successes. Little by little, the German dreams became more modest. Moscow merged into Vilna and Baranovice, which the Germans occupied. Kiev and Odessa faded into Rovno and Tarnopol, which they still seek for, and Petrograd became Riga and Dvinsk. The reason for this narrowing of vision was the growing resistance over the whole Russian line. Ivanoff did more than resist. He

advanced and captured almost a complete division, and he has not ceased to cause the enemy trouble. Everts retraced his steps a little, and Ruzsky stood his ground with a fertility in local counter-offensives which checked each of Hindenburg's moves when it threatened to assume dangerous proportions. But even the more modest aims of Germany, the Riga-Dvinsk-Vilna-Rovno railway, have so far proved impossible of attainment. Russia holds some two-thirds of the coveted line, and seems at least to have definitely checked the enemy everywhere. Generally speaking, there is evidence of a recoil, which can be of small comfort to the general staff now that they have embarked upon a new campaign in the Balkans.

But it is the northern section of the line which is of the greatest interest. A fairly large scale-map would show no difference in the positions of the opposing lines from the Gulf of Riga to below Dvinsk since the end of August. The line to-day is practically identical with that held by the Germans at the end of their most successful month of the war. Even tactically there is no essential difference. The Germans have just taken Illukst. But they were standing before it two months ago, and an attempt to follow up the capture by a crossing of the Illukst, a tributary of the Dvina, has momentarily succeeded after a preceding withdrawal under a counter-attack. The advance has carried the Germans but a mile or so nearer the Dvina and Dvinsk. But they are concentrating still greater forces and a still larger number of siege guns on this front, and no doubt will do their best to take Dvinsk. Ruzsky's defence of this section of the line has been marked by extraordinary boldness and resource. The daring landing at Domesnes, at the entrance to the Gulf of Riga, may have been a mere *ballon d'essai*. But it shows a spirit which is a good omen for the future. The sinking of the "Prinz Adalbert" off Libau, the chief sea base for the northern German armies, is also significant. Each of these moves will, in its own way, tend to arouse a feeling of insecurity in the enemy forces operating on the northern flank. This will be the more inconvenient, as the tension about Dvinsk seems to be growing greater. Of far greater significance is the evidence of a movement about Svetsian. Some miles south of Dvinsk the Russians have swung their line westward with considerable success. About Svetsian the advance is of the first importance, and if it can be maintained it will almost certainly relieve the tension about Dvinsk completely. Ruzsky seems to have discovered the junction between von Below's and von Eichorn's armies. It is doubtful, at the moment, whether he has actually secured a footing between them; but if that proved to be the case a retreat and readjustment would be almost inevitable. In any case, the threat has proved sufficient to attract reinforcements to the spot, and the struggle is being pressed with the greatest force.

On a balance of accounts, there is a slight but marked advance over two-thirds of the Russian front. On the Riga-Dvinsk section, the most critical part of the front at present, there are small German advances in one or two places, and one significant Russian advance in another. It does not seem likely that Germany will secure either Riga or Dvinsk now that the advance guard

of General January has appeared. The winter snows have commenced, and this must have an effect upon the operations. The Tsar's troops can stand the inclement weather much better than any other troops in the world. It is known that the output of munitions has developed to an extraordinary extent. Behind the lines new troops, not of the quality which Austria-Hungary and Germany are now putting into the field, but men of physique almost unequalled in the world, are being trained and equipped. It will not be many months before they can take their place in the lines. At the same time, Germany is replacing her troops on several sectors of the Eastern front with her new levies. So far she has withdrawn no more than 100,000. Everywhere the Tsar's troops are confident, and are being increased in effective force by fresh and apparently abundant supplies of ammunition. The consolidation of the French and British gains and the Italian offensive are using up the drafts which should supply the normal wastage. Yet if the enemy should weaken his force on the Eastern front any further, the experiment should prove a costly one. The armies which have already brought the German forces to the halt and regained sufficient strength to take the offensive with skill and energy, are not likely to stand still, and the weakness of the communications behind the enemy may well embarrass an enforced retirement.

#### THE CRISIS IN SERBIA.

"EVENTS are moving so rapidly," so runs the current phrase, that the help we had destined for Serbia is likely to arrive too late. It is surprising how readily our language adapts itself to a fatalistic habit of thought. What we really mean by this impersonal phrase is something quite simple but unpleasant. It is not so much events as the Bulgarians who are moving rapidly. History will no doubt inquire whether our own movements should not have been quicker in face of the open discussion in the German press of the coming Balkan campaign, and of the warnings from all the Balkan capitals which have appeared in our own press at frequent intervals during the last three or four months. We cannot, with the knowledge at our disposal, say whether we ourselves ought to have made a corresponding divergence of forces and prepared an expeditionary force in advance. It is possible that if our military preparations to support Serbia had been taken step by step with our diplomatic approaches, or even in front of them, our offers to Bulgaria and Greece might have met with a different reception, and that, if we had first sent a division to Uskub and another to Nish, even King Ferdinand might have preferred to receive Macedonia from us as a gift instead of taking it by force of arms. But there is no profit in this retrospective strategy. Geography is against us in this special phase of the war, and we cannot undo that handicap even when we measure time by months. We have now to face the fact that "events" have overtaken us. Lord Lansdowne has told us the numbers of the British force which we have, or soon will have, within striking distance of the Macedonian battlefields. It is a trifle of 13,000 men, and we suppose the French contingent may be twice or even

three times as numerous. This is not a negligible force, but it is much too small to drive as a wedge between the German and Bulgarian masses advancing from West to East to take the Serbians between them. It is a mere auxiliary force, good to hold a base, or keep a section of the railway, or lend a hand to a larger Serbian army. But it is emphatically not the body which might by its own weight turn the scale of the Balkan balance. To achieve that end we should require at least 250,000 men. In Athens, indolent arithmeticians, working out sums to justify a craven inaction, have even vowed that nothing much less than 400,000 men from Britain and France would induce these prudent neutrals to join the big battalions.

There are many reasons which tell against an attempt to send out 250,000 or even 150,000 men to join in this Macedonian campaign. There is, first and foremost, the risk of compromising our chances of a decision on the Western front. There is, secondly, the probability (or, rather, the certainty) that our force, which has not yet started, would arrive from its distant bases too late to prevent a German-Bulgarian success. In another month, we are afraid, the resistance of the Serbs on the main routes of this formidable invasion will be at an end. The Germans have already achieved the object which chiefly concerns them. They have, with Bulgarian aid, cleared the Serbian banks of the Danube, and a telegram has already invited us to visualize the fleets of boats and barges collected at Orsova, sailing down to Rustchuk to carry their supplies of munitions to the Turks. The "corridor" is open. The other and directer routes by the Belgrade- (or Semendria)-Nish-Sofia railways, will still take a good deal of clearing. The Germans have got to Ratcha at one end of it, and the Bulgarians to Pirot at the other. There lie some 110 miles of fairly easy country between them. At the present rate of the double advance they may cover it in about twenty days. There will come a moment after which the Serbs can prolong their resistance only at the risk of seeing their main army surrounded by converging invasions. They must effect their escape before the Germans and Bulgarians actually meet.

The third reason against the despatch of a large force to Macedonia is that the task of supplying it would be inordinately difficult. The Serbs themselves will probably contrive to live on the country. They are hardy peasants, who can live and thrive on bread and garlic, and know how to shift for themselves among the mountains without railways and almost without roads. Our troops are not seasoned to such privations, nor trained to guerilla warfare. Their movements are circumscribed by the necessities of an elaborate transport system. We question whether the Vardar railway would suffice for the needs of a much larger force than the Allies have already sent. We happen to retain a vivid memory of some eight or ten journeys over it. It is a single line. It crosses and recrosses the river several times on exposed bridges. It passes through gorges so narrow that the train seems just to glide between the towering cliff and the deep, swirling river. There are tunnels which the enemy would blow up if he ran any risk of losing them. The difficulties of landing any mass

of traffic at such stations as Krivolak or Strumitsa, if these were for the moment the terminus of our advance, are obvious even to the layman. We can visualize the low sheds of the station buildings, the peasants selling their bunches of grapes, and the Turkish soldiers running to fill their water-bottles, but we cannot by any stretch of fancy see the loading, unloading, and turning of the immense number of trains in a day which would be required to feed the advance of a modern army. If the thing had to be done, it would certainly be necessary to organize road transport also on a large scale, and there happen to be no good roads. It could be done, if it had to be done, but what meanwhile would have become of the Serbs?

Their course is already indicated to them by imperious events. The German and Bulgarian armies aim at denying to them the occupation of all that more practicable portion of their country which lies to the north-east of the Morava Valley and the Belgrade-Nish-Sofia railway. They might have contemplated a retirement southwards to join hands in Macedonia with the Allies advancing from Salonika, but the Bulgarians have already forestalled that plan. They have occupied Uskub, the valley and railway of the Vardar from Vrania to near Veles, and all the country to the east of it. They may still have to fight hard here at chosen points, and the line may sag and waver. But if they are firmly established across this avenue, were it only between Kumanovo and Uskub, the junction would be difficult. There is another area to which the Serbs will doubtless retreat, the highland country south-west of the Morava, where they might maintain themselves by guerilla fighting indefinitely, if they could be supplied with munitions. If they have to contemplate a stubborn struggle to keep their State in being on a portion of its territory, it is in this region or in and round Montenegro, that they would find their natural stronghold. A retreat into Macedonia would be a retreat into unfriendly country. Its Bulgarian inhabitants would welcome the invaders, and its Moslems would probably follow the usual practice in the internecine warfare of the Balkans; they would aid the newcomer against their present masters. Without prejudice to anything which may be usefully done from Salonika, we incline strongly to the view of Lord St. Davids, that the sea supplies from Durazzo or San Giovanni for Montenegro, the Sanjak, and South-west Serbia, ought at some cost to be kept open and the roads (which scarcely exist) improved.

It is a distressing, and may become a tragical, spectacle, relieved only by the splendid gallantry of the Serbs, a gallantry which we should be traitors and weaklings if we did not in the end repay. But the political aspects of the struggle should not be ignored. The Bulgarians have entered the ranks of our enemies with a limited object: the acquisition of Macedonia. Their interest in the war would end if that object were secured. They cannot be anxious to become the tools of German policy, nor can they afford to face the risks and burdens of a prolonged war. The Turks are, to some extent, in the same case, and it is impossible to conceive them as reconciled to a German domination.

It may be vain to speculate on any immediate break in the ranks of the hostile combination. The chance of detaching either Bulgaria or Turkey by a separate peace is a chance, and should not be overstated. But it will best be promoted rather by a maximum effort in other fields than by weak and dispersed efforts in the East. To strike—as we have been striking—so hard in France that Germany should be shaken—as she is shaken—to force her to weaken her hold on the East by compelling her to concentrate elsewhere—is still the best hope of winning the war and the best strategy for saving Serbia.

#### THE PLIGHT OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

It is useful at this time, when many are disturbed not only by comparisons of fighting forces but also of economic resources, to examine the condition of the enemy at home. Such an examination may help to explain the recklessness with which he is sacrificing lives in hope of attaining a speedy result. During the past month the German Press has been partially unmuzzled on this subject. Fierce controversy between papers representative of different classes have attempted to fix blame for the facts upon one class or another. Appeals are made to the Government to take one course or other for the future modification of the facts. But the facts themselves remain agreed by all. The price of the necessities of life has risen from 75 to 100 per cent on those prevalent at the beginning of the war. The women simply cannot live and rear children on the wages or government allowances provided for soldiers' families. Potato bread is still available, but there has been a substantial rise in the price of potatoes, and the poor are crying to the Government for help. Milk and butter show an actual scarcity of supply, combined with prohibitive selling price. Meat is practically out of reach of the poor. All the fat substances show also conspicuous scarcity, and a bewildered Government is calling on the German scientists to produce fat from sewage, dead horses, and other bye-products of war. Berlin and the great cities look cheerful on the surface to the wandering "neutral." Below, in the poor quarters, women are standing *en queue* often all night for the right to purchase fragments of meat, bacon, or lard in the morning, and there are scuffles and struggles, during which, in something like a riot, the weakest go to the wall. The "Vorwärts" of October 15th last, describes the scenes at the sales in the municipal shops of meat and lard. The sales began at 7 in the morning and lasted till 10. At 10.30, in one shop there were still 100 people when it was closed, and some 1,000 had to go away empty-handed. Women complained that they had spent three or four nights near the shop door, and yet had not arrived early enough to be served with meat. Under the heading "The Miseries of War," the scene is described of crowds of old men, women, and children, waiting at the barracks with pots and pails for an hour and a half for the gift of the remains of the soldiers' meal. "The rise in the price of food stuffs drives to the barrack door many who in other times would never have dreamt of begging for a soldier's dinner."

In regions as far apart as Silesia and Aachen demonstrations of protest are recorded, sometimes active



and violent, sometimes the mere mute appeal of processions of women, half-starved, exhibiting their half-starved children. Everywhere everybody thinks that the Government should interfere, while nowhere does anyone clearly understand what the Government could do.

The "Vorwärts" continues to preach, as from the outbreak of the war, the fixing of prices, and not locally, but throughout the Empire. By such means it hopes to eliminate the speculator, and to reduce the rents of the landlords. Local attempts to fix prices have proved a dismal failure. At Munster, in Westphalia, for example, the "butter war," started last August, has resulted in a complete triumph of the butter producers. The authorities fixed the maximum price at 1s. 6d. a pound. The producers immediately began to curtail supplies. The authorities raised the maximum to 1s. 7d. The supply almost ceased. The maximum was then abolished, and Munster received its butter—at 2s. a pound—likely to rise to 3s. in the near future. Meanwhile the Central Authorities can do nothing but issue pathetic requests for the rich and middle classes to curtail their supply of butter in order that the poor may live, pleading also (with some gleams of political economy) that measures taken to prevent a rise in the price of butter will result in a diminished import from foreign countries. In Berlin (according to the "Tageblatt") the authorities have issued a preliminary order, limiting the maximum selling price of butter in Berlin and Brandenburg to 2s. 8d. a pound, to remain in force until October 31st. Meantime, however, the smaller towns, in such districts as Central Silesia, protest that the goods brought to their markets were bought by the dealers and sold in the big towns; and the effect of their fixing maximum prices only accelerated that disappearance. They are informed, indeed, that despite the innumerable efforts made in different places and by different authorities, prices were likely to continue to rise; and the statement is endorsed all over the country, by a united press. Political economy (that dead "academic" science suddenly revived by war) also troubles the Burgomaster of Vienna, who plaintively pleads to a half-starved populace: "If I fix maximum prices high enough to induce the Hungarian pig dealers to sell, consumers in Vienna abuse me; if I fix them low enough to please the consumers, the Hungarians refuse to sell."

Amid this general condemnation of the country by the cities, the agrarians, not without force, hit back. The rise of prices, they complain, is not their fault. It is entirely due to the deprivation of foreign supplies, combined with the immense rise in the cost of the raw material of their industry. Food for the cattle has been prohibited; fodder for the kine is raised to a prohibitive price, and even at that price is precarious. In Vienna "one literally trembles," says the Burgomaster, "from week to week, for fear that the necessary fodder will not be forthcoming." In the "Kölnische Zeitung," the Secretary of the Rhenish Farmers' Union puts the farmers' case with much ability. The scarcity of imported foodstuffs, the high price of home substitutes, dearer coal and petroleum, are alone shown by calculation in figures to account for the high price of milk, meat, butter, and eggs. If a maximum unremunerative price is

fixed, the beasts will be slaughtered or the farmers ruined. Yet from the cities the cry continually comes for fixing such maximum prices; together with a general condemnation of that German internal "organization," which was supposed to be the wonder of the world. The "Lokal-Anzeiger" affirms that it speaks for the whole population "from the highest social grade to the poorest workman's wife" in demanding that the Government shall once for all make an end to this continuous rise in prices, while the "Frankfurter" heads an attack on the futility of the new attempt to deal with the potato famine, "The Potato Order: Another 'Miss'-hit."

So, wherever we plunge beneath the flag-waving, music, and band-celebrating triumph of arms, this note of misery is apparent—the misery of war. "The shadows at home," Paul Harms calls it in the "Berliner Tageblatt," contrasted with, and, to some extent, clouding the great military achievements of Germany abroad. He bitterly attacks the Government for fumblingly and inefficiently dealing with the problem, and complains that an Empire waging war against three World-Powers is seemingly unable to deal with the feeding of its own people, and that the sole result of this incapacity will be an immense revival of Socialism after the war. "The pity of it," he asserts, "is that our brave men and our mighty Empire always seem in the field to be condemned to begin all over again." The "Frankfurter," always a docile supporter of middle-class sentiment, has also been suddenly anxious, and announces grave dissatisfaction widely felt at the present state of the food supply. The authorities must, if necessary, not shrink from the extension of the bread ticket to other articles of necessary consumption. It is specially concerned with the milk supply for infants, mothers, and the sick. It calls on the Imperial Chancellor to return from the Western front in order to deal with these vital matters. How vital these matters are, how great the misery, is revealed in "Vorwärts" in a Cologne incident. A bed and wardrobe were offered as a gift in a local paper. The applications were overwhelming, and sample incidents are quoted. "As I am a poor soldier's wife, with three small children and only one bed and no wardrobes, I beg to reply to your advertisement." "I am a soldier's wife, with two children, and have no bed—sleep upon the ground. My dwelling is open to inspection at any time." So the pitiful records read. "Have no wardrobe, and, as I am far gone in consumption, I need a bed to sleep alone. We have five children and four are dead." Another has a husband come back from the fighting line, now in a sanatorium, incurable. She cannot buy herself a bed as she has not the money. The war allowance is insufficient even to provide food for the children. "All these letters," says the "Vorwärts," in a courageous comment, "show that the life of the soldiers' families is, after all, something different from the ideas entertained by many simple persons, who see only the surface, and, having deceived themselves, wish to deceive others."

The short successful war, the spoils of victory, the wealth of Belgium, huge indemnities, annexation of colonies, trade which would make everyone prosperous and contented and bring back the armies in triumph

and splendor—that was the reward promised and the dream dreamed. To-day the reality is growing daily farther from that intoxicating vision; in the sight of enormous and increasing losses in the field, starving women at home fighting for food for their children, the miseries of another winter in sight, with increasing privation, and no alternative but ruin, whether victorious or defeated, at the end. "It will be a long time before Germany comes to her last gasp," writes a neutral who has just returned from Germany, "but no one can describe the ruin into which she will be plunged when the day of the victory of the Entente arrives."

#### IN MEMORY OF EDITH CAVELL.

THE English people may at least be grateful that when so much has been hidden from them they have the full story of the trial and death of Edith Cavell. What was done with the utmost secrecy and haste has gone all over the world, and has stirred it more than any incident of the war since the sinking of the "Lusitania." This effect any one but a German martinet could have foreseen. For one soldier that her action in life may have brought to our standards, her death will have brought thousands. For one sympathiser lost to Germany by Germany's earlier and wholesale brutalities, this single dramatic act of cruelty will lose her scores. Men and women live by imagination and sympathy. They know that Miss Cavell did what women have done since the world began, and will do till it comes to an end. The succor of fugitives and the planning of their escape are women's inalienable part in the romance of war. English schoolboys of the last few generations were brought up on the story of Alice Lisle. Miss Cavell succeeds to the tradition. Nor will she lose her place in this circle of sainthood because her conduct came under the capital penalty attached to it by German military law. Miss Cavell was a nurse, and her critics and judges suggest that nursing in war was hardly instituted to facilitate the secret return of fugitive soldiers to their native land. But generous natures, women's natures above all, act by the kind of instinct which saves mankind from its intellectual death-traps. Miss Cavell was concerned not with the taking of life, but the saving of it, German, English, or Belgian life. She was outside the war machine, and she was not the sort of person to facilitate its working, or to give over hunted human beings to their executioners.

It was in the fitness of things that such a character and such a deed should come up against their opposite in the German military ethic. Just as that ethic adopts and excuses the worst deed so long as it promotes the military object, so it condemns the best deed on the other side which tends to defeat that object. So far as we know, the German military mind acknowledges no distinction of humanity between the act of the captain of the submarine which torpedoed the "Lusitania" and that of the honest leader of a forlorn attack on our trenches. If Miss Cavell had been a German, and had helped German soldiers interned in France over the

Alsatian border, her statue would have been set up in every German town. But neither a French nor an English court-martial would have shot her. The German authorities who judged and killed her held only one point of view, in addition, maybe, to the vindictive consideration that she belonged to the hostile nation which Germany most hates. They held that though she might have done her deed for mercy's sake, or as an English patriot, she in fact did it wholly against Germany. Her action added, or was calculated to add, so many items—perhaps a dozen or so—to the armies of the Allies. One such addition would be enough. The thing was dangerous and must be stopped, and other women intimidated from imitating it. Death, sudden, terrible, relentless, seemed the best means of attaining the familiar effect of terror—the *mot d'ordre* of the Belgian occupation, and the excuse for hundreds of deaths much more horrible in their manner of execution than Miss Cavell's. Sex, the beauty of Miss Cavell's character, the generosity of her service to the German wounded, her noble candor and impulsive self-surrender, were obvious irrelevancies to this cold calculation. Suppose by the execution of her sentence of death, the judgment of the civilized world to be revolted? What is the judgment of the civilized world? Something that condemns Germany, and is therefore to be set outside the account.

If the story of Miss Cavell's death had ended here, there would be nothing more to say save to add one more page to the book of woman's love. But her own comment on it raises it above the glories of a single land, and gives it, as the best things—such as the life and death of Jesus, for example—are given to the world. "They have all been very kind to me here," she said to the English chaplain who saw her in her cell. "But this I would say, standing, as I do, in view of God and eternity. I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone." *Beati qui in Domino moriuntur.* The deed of German militarism which is most repellent to the average man will be linked in his memory with this seal upon it, not only of forgiveness, but of understanding. What Miss Cavell meant when she said that patriotism was not enough, and that she could not die with hatred of Germany on her soul, was that in the supreme moment of her life she could only realize the most permanent thing in it. It is in that spirit that we have got to fight this war, even though it is the most horrible that has ever been fought, or perhaps because it is the most horrible. That does not imply that we are not to fight with determination and with a particular loathing of the cruelty and arrogance of temper and policy which have disfigured the German conduct of it. But it does mean that so far as human nature will allow, we shall discharge our bosoms of that kind of perilous stuff which lights the flames of mere revenge for the baser kind of injuries that our enemies have inflicted on us. Prudence warns us against these excesses of bad feeling, no less than the innate kindness of the British character. For there must be an after-war world as well as a war-world, and the parts of that world must

live and trade with each other, learn each others' languages, exchange each others' inventions, borrow of each others' thoughts, after the fashion of the world that preceded it and that followed on earlier wars. As far as possible, we must endeavor to kill without malice, in order that in the years to come we may not drag an unending chain of malice, fettering our energies no less than those of our present enemies. Ordinary humanity does not easily learn this lesson of forgetfulness, and the custom of commemorating wars by provocative as well as ennobling monuments and celebrations makes it unusually hard to assimilate. We learn it from the extraordinary people, who see with other than the eyes of sense. For they cannot, in the last extremity, think merely of what their enemies have done to them. They rather strive to regulate their conduct towards their enemies without regard to any personal wrong they may have suffered. By their help it is that mankind climbs to firm ground out of the deepest pit to which its energies and affections descend. Nor is this only the religious basis of conduct; it is the rational basis. Whole nations have not sinned in this war, or the members of each nation have not sinned equally. Some men have sinned. Much horribly misdirected teaching, much merely bungling, panic-stricken conduct on the part of "statesmen," have accompanied the downright vice and cruelty which the conduct of the war has evoked. Thus we can forgive for the sake of the sinned against, who are so much more numerous than the sinning. The area of forgiveness is wide as human nature; and Miss Cavell's blood and testimony are just such seed as humanity's Churches spring from.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE Prime Minister is to make his announcement on Tuesday. The delay gives it a special air of authority and formality. Of course, Mr. Asquith will speak decisively, for his career depends upon it. The nation looks for such a speech, and also for the kind of confidence which its traditional trust in its Premiers deserves. Think of the situation. The success of the Derby crusade is assured. It is likely to be almost too sweeping. Recruits are pouring in. They are coming so fast as to promise an embarrassment of industry later on, and even a liberal return to civil life of the workers in the mass of trades on which the maintenance of our exports depends. I hear of one great public office which has lost a battalion and a-half of servants, and cannot supply their place by the most liberal recruitment of women. The result of the rush will, I think, be the definite salvation of voluntarism. The battle of freedom is over; the people have won it—even the "Times" hardly contests their victory—the country will emerge from the war with its capital institutions intact. In return, it must be much more generously and bravely treated than in the past, or there will be revolt. One or two reticences there must be. Grave decisions have to be taken, to which the public cannot be admitted. But this is the crisis of the war; and if it ceases to be national it will die, so far as the heart of the nation is concerned.

THE Prime Minister clearly remains. He has no present rival in his own Cabinet or outside it. The idea of the destruction of the Cabinet and the creation of an autocratic nucleus may be equally dismissed. It is mere gimerack revolution. Therefore the Cabinet also remains; the constitution of a War Committee, planned some time ago, will proceed. It will necessarily be subordinate in its larger decisions to the general body, without which the whole Parliamentary relationship stops. The trouble is as to the composition and size of the Committee. Three would be an ideal number, so far as quickness of decision goes. But who would be the three? A Committee of five or seven again suggests political difficulties. Is the Committee to represent offices, or party balances, or merely the best brains *ad hoc*? I dare not, in peril of my body, answer these inquiries. I only hope that the worst solution will not be arrived at; and that the jangling will not obscure the really vital point of all these alarms—which the "Times" could get in a week if it would keep its hands from merely personal mischief—the importance of constituting and strengthening the General Staff. No nation can stand more than one Sicilian Expedition (or one Alcibiades) in its history. We have had ours, and if there is one moral more than another that leaps from the blunder of the Dardanelles, it is that an authoritative written report from a General Staff drawn from the best brains in the Navy and Army would have made it impossible.

HERE are two or three facts concerning the economic situation in Germany, on which far more than on the happenings in Serbia, the issue—perhaps the near issue—of the war depends. The other day a Scandinavian firm was offered £1,500 for a ton of nickel. The price in the British market is about £225. Two invalid travellers from Germany were deprived of their hot-water bottles and air-cushions on their arrival at the frontier for the sake of the rubber coverings, the price of rubber in Germany having risen to 30s. a pound.

ONE has little notion of how near to a national organization the Red Cross Fund has become. Some time ago a Midland mine-owner with ideas suggested that the miners and the workmen should join in an organized contribution with the aim of raising half a million of money. The idea simply caught fire. The masters agreed to a tax of a penny for each ton of coal hauled; the men to a levy (deducted from their wages) of sixpence a week. The notion spread from mine-field to mine-field. Durham, Northumberland, Lancashire, South Wales came in. Joint boards of masters and men were constituted to settle rates and means of contribution. Other trades have caught on; and a national levy from industry to replace the merely impulsive contributions of wealth is not an unlikely solution of this great and very difficult problem of succor.

MR. BRAND WHITLOCK, the American Minister at Brussels, of whose splendid effort to save Miss Cavell the whole world is speaking with admiration, is a



personality of great versatility and interest. Lawyer, journalist, and municipal administrator, he has withal the temperament of the artist and the enthusiasm of the prophet. He has edited the letters of "Golden Rule Jones," the remarkable man who, as Mayor of Toledo, transformed the public life of that great western city. Mr. Whitlock was himself for eight years Mayor of Toledo. His "Forty Years of It," which was published last year, and gained a great circulation in the United States, is a fascinating story of his own life, public and private, written with distinction and power. His personal charm conquers all who come in contact with him, and his friends on both sides of the Atlantic predict for him a future of great achievement.

SIR HENRY COTTON did not rank as a great man of affairs, nor was he strong in the House of Commons, where he sat during the memorable Liberal years of 1906-1910. You can count on the fingers of one hand the Anglo-Indian administrators who during the past generation have made their mark in Parliament, and Sir Henry Cotton was not of them. He had no notable gift of speech, he was a little over-suspicious and doubtful of what Lord Morley could do in the way of reforms, and he let his scepticism give a somewhat chill air to his reception of them. His strong points were as an Indian Administrator; his championship of the Assam tea-garden coolies was a very fine thing. It was badly needed and in the end it won, notwithstanding Lord Curzon's unhappy surrender. The conflict, which was marked by great racial bitterness, gave Sir Henry Cotton a wonderful position in India. It is the simple truth to say that, since Lord Ripon, no Englishman has been held in equal affection by its people. He was a Positivist from early manhood, attached to the Congreve, not the Frederic Harrison, section.

A MEDICAL correspondent, with close knowledge of the working of the hospitals in the Western area of the war, suggests to me that Miss Cavell could not be better remembered than by the raising of a fund for the better organization of nursing abroad. Here, at least, the French system, so admirable on medical and surgical lines, does not reach our own standards, of which Miss Cavell's nursing home in Brussels was an example.

I READ in Mrs. Asquith's very interesting description of her visit to Hawarden in 1889, that she answered Gladstone's admission that he had a "very bad temper" when he was young with the pointed retort that he could "hardly say that he had overcome that." Gladstone's own description of his later temper was that it was "strong." Its expression in facial play now and then struck one as almost demoniacal, so plastic were the features and so brilliant the eyes. But its expression in speech was singularly fine, or perhaps I should say it was refined down to noble indignation or almost impersonal satire.

MR. SHAW's new play for the Irish theatre, called "O'Flaherty, V.C.," is an entirely fresh and delightful frolic.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### RELIGIOUS "BOOST."

EVERYONE knows how quick Americans are to take on new notions, almost irrespective of their intrinsic worth, in business, in politics, in art, education, and religion. This is commonly imputed to a restlessness and love of novelty, supposed to be characteristic of a young civilization in a stimulating climate. The business man wants to get rich quick, the scholar to pluck the fruits of the tree of knowledge in a semester, the reformer to clean up the Augean stable of his city's politics in a single year of office. It is not mere impatience and shallow-mindedness that prompt this haste. People expect things to "take on a move" in America, and they do so. Great personal enthusiasm and the get-together or co-operative spirit which pervades American life furnish a mighty power of uplift. Whenever Nature can be hurried up it is. No doubt this demand for "quick returns" has its cost, nowhere heavier than in the intellectual life, whose pace and quantity are ill-compensated by loss of quality. The large variety of new religions, so marvellous in coloring and substance, which have sprung up all over America out of the compost of decaying orthodoxy, bear testimony to a curiously crude and facile blend of idealism and sheer credulity. That such gospels as those of John Smith, the Prophet Dowie, and Mrs. Eddy, to name only three major examples, should have spread with so much rapidity among hard-headed, practical business men and women, not destitute of education or of worldly experience, has been a psychological puzzle which many folk have been fain to solve by reference to "the craze for novelty."

But the career of Billy Sunday, as expounded in the "authorized" "Billy Sunday Book" (The Vir Publishing Co.) demands some further explanation. For there is nothing novel about Billy Sunday's "gospel," which is a simple reversion to the "hard-shell" Calvinistic Puritanism on which older generations of Americans were bred, and which still survives, somewhat softened, in the modern pulpit. His creed is that of Jonathan Edwards and the Mathers. But these ancient pillars of Puritanism were scholars and gentlemen. The Reverend William Sunday (for "Sunday" is no fake name) makes no pretence to either title. He is just one of the "folks" grown up from the common soil of that Middle-West which is most representative of the character and energy of modern America. Born of pioneer parents, who struck Iowa just before the Civil War, and bred in an atmosphere of poverty and incessant struggle, he had very little schooling, and began to earn his living in a menial occupation at fourteen. His early fame came in the baseball-field, when skill and luck combined to win him the position of a star-player in the great Chicago club. While engaged in this profession he "got religion," and carried with him into his new career as hot gospeller a richer personal experience of the saloon, the card-room, and the prize-ring than commonly falls to an evangelist. He has brought into preaching the mental and linguistic equipment of the ordinary American townsman, the vivid interest in and intricate knowledge of the affairs of all his neighbors and his town, set in a larger, looser fund of general information got from the Sunday newspaper, with such scattered fragments of literary or scientific culture as can be got from occasional lectures at the institute or a hasty reading of some popular handbook. Add to this

immense physical vitality and an audacity of self-assurance that enables him to put profound conviction into every reckless utterance, and you begin to understand how Billy Sunday has performed the proud feat of getting religion into the front page of the great "dailies," and in displacing politics, sport, and even war news for weeks together in great cities like Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. A great part of his success is doubtless due to his complete understanding of the average American and how to handle him. To get attention from an American you must recognize and play upon the fluidity or flexibility of his nature. He does not, like the Englishman, keep his gravity and gaiety in separate compartments. The sacred and the secular, business and idealism, grab and generosity, jostle one another all the time. Most American orators or preachers try to take into account this mixture, seasoning their preachment with comic stories or with colloquialisms. But usually they are hampered by too much sense of dignity and self-consciousness. Now, Billy Sunday "gives himself away" all the time; that is to say, he tells all he thinks and feels, and in the language that comes natural to him. The Bible, the only book he knows or really recognizes, he translates to himself and his audience into the language of the street and the saloon. Is he right in degrading the beauty and dignified simplicity of this great literature into this mixed slang and ribaldry? "Yes," he would reply, for he is not concerned with preserving literature but with saving sinners, and to save them it is necessary to get at them. The living language of these down-town Americans is largely slang. How else shall he address them? We have our own slang, but it is difficult for us to realize the amazing quantity, audacity, and changefulness of American slang and the strong local dialects it assumes. If anyone desires to experiment, let him take the Californian variety, as set out in such a book as Jack London's "Mountains of the Moon." It is, no doubt, difficult for any English reader to avoid feeling some revulsion against the "vulgarity," even the "profanity," of many of Billy Sunday's utterances. But we must remember that the great bulk of the jocosity which so offends our ears has been worn down to commonplace in ears to which it is addressed. It appeals as "familiar," and so conveys no shock. This would apply in large measure even to so bold a translation as that of the story of David and Goliath into down-town American.

"All the sons of Jesse, except David, went off to war; they left David at home because he was only a kid. After a while David's ma got worried. She wondered what had become of his brothers, because they hadn't telephoned to her or sent word. So she said to David, 'Dave, you go down there and see whether they are all right.'"

"So David pikes off to where the war is, and the first morning he was there, out comes this big Goliath, a big strapping fellow about eleven feet tall, who commenced to shout out his mouth as to what he was going to do."

"Who's that big stiff putting up that game of talk?" asked David of his brothers.

"Oh, he's the whole works; he's the big cheese of the Philistines. He does that little stunt every day."

"Say," said David, "you guys make me sick. Why don't some of you go and soak that guy? You let him get away with that stuff." He decided to go out and tell Goliath where to head in.

"So Saul said, 'You'd better take my armor and sword.' David put them on, but he felt like a fellow with a hand-me-down suit about four times too big for him, so he took them off and went down to the brook and picked up half-a-dozen stones. He put one of them in his sling, and soaked Goliath in the coco between the lamps, and he went down for the count. David drew his

sword and chopped off his block, and the rest of the gang beat it."

This is certainly a long way from the "shop-talk" of the pulpit, and perhaps is an extreme example of the revolt against the literary sermon. But what shocks refined people is the very quality upon which Billy Sunday plumes himself. For what he is after is "plain talk." This is by no means all slang. Much is a vivid restatement of those robust dogmas which most orthodox clergy are now afraid to utter. "Some people won't come to hear me because they are afraid to hear the truth. They want deodorized, disinfected sermons. They are afraid to be stuck over the edge of the pit and get a smell of the brimstone. You can't get rid of sin as long as you treat it as a cream-puff instead of a rattlesnake."

In this "campaigning for Christ" against Satan, battling against "booze," and punching "the new theology," the militancy of the ex-base-ball champion is dominant. He acts the struggle with every feature and every limb, throwing the efforts of the acrobat into the religious scale. His triumphs are almost as much physical as moral. It may, perhaps, be said that there is nothing essentially novel in this attitude and method. Evangelical revivalism has always used them, and such a body as the Salvation Army has raised them to the level of an art. The major part of such "practical religion" has always lain in fighting the Devil, and the account which "Hosea Biglow" gave of the camp-meeting preacher in the South applies with accuracy to Billy Sunday's style:

"He didn't put much sweetening in,  
But give it to us hot,  
'Z' eff he and Satan 'ud bin two bulls  
In one ten-acre lot."

There is one other aspect, however, of Billy Sunday's campaigning that merits attention. It has often been observed how modern business methods have entered into the most successful modern American religions. Mormonism and Christian Science are well-organized business trusts, with their finance splendidly controlled. So it is with the Sunday campaigns. When Billy plans an attack upon a city, his advance agents inspect the ground, mobilize the clergy of all denominations, and hold preparatory rallies of all the spiritual resources of the neighborhood. A company is formed, with shares duly underwritten, to finance the undertaking, an immense edifice is built upon a prepared plan for the services, every trade and business organization is canvassed for supporters, and Billy takes the last day's gate-money for himself. During the weeks of the actual campaign every form of advertisement known to the "publicity agent" in business or in party politics is employed. So far as possible, the audience is gathered, not by separate individuals, but by group appeal, great delegations from some trade or business body parading the streets with bands and banners and marching into the hall *en masse*. Every few blocks becomes a separate centre for prayer-meetings, the city being thus elaborately drilled for a campaign in which all the forces of collective appeal are brought to bear upon the process of conversion. Here is "scientific management" brought into the service of revivalism to such effect that "conversion" is achieved, not in the individual but in the collective soul. The eulogist of Billy Sunday claims that after one of these demonstrations, the saloons are emptied, while masses of revived worshippers flow back into the churches. It is a marvellous tale of spiritual "boost," which surely could be told of no other country than America.

## THE CANAL.

THERE are many of us who regret that this canal, with so many others, should be derelict. Nor are we all sentimentalists. The economists say that there are many heavy cargoes that could better go by the slow, smooth inland waterway than by the railway, often congested with its proper, urgent, and perishable traffic. A Commission has examined the case of the canals, and has cried shame on the community that so many should have been scrapped. It has recommended the restoration of not a few, and its voice was the soothing drone of the preacher on the ear of a somnolent nation. A canal, with its barges snuggling deep in the water, gliding good-humoredly after the nodding horse, is as sleepy a thing as we can have in a workaday world. A canal with its channel half-dry and choked with water weeds that murmur "No thoroughfare," is sleeping Sleep itself. A Commission that came to view it had better beware lest it be stroked with the wand of the *genius loci*, and turned to organic marble, motionless for seven thousand years.

Yet the first man who floated his waggon on the smooth and easy road of the waterway was a revolutionary of no mean order. Another dragging his load home on a stony way had to pull it over a smooth log, and was surprised to see the obstacle turn under the burden and apparently push it forward. Having seen that many times, and having first used a relay of logs shifted from back to front for the merchandise to roll upon, he or his descendants at last hit upon the invention of a pair of logs fixed to the cart and rolling on spindles, and finally on the wheel. Drag-loads were no more economic than pack-loads till the wheel came; the wheel brought in the road, slightly less bumpy than the no-road, with the ideal of something like our asphalt for the seers to babble about. But the inventor of canals broke away from the whole wheel tradition, very really got himself out of the rut, and demonstrated that an ass could pull on water a load that, wheel or no wheel, ten horses could not move on the most ideal of earthen roads.

"All very well for the level country," said the wheel-men, "but you can't drag barges up-hill." It was true that the ass could not move its load against the running river, still less up the torrent that ran down the narrow valley that the cart-trail threaded (true also that the eleven horses had to be reinforced at certain pitches of the same road). The clinching triumph of the water-men came with the invention of the lock, whereby the barge mounts of itself, without the pull of a single muscle, while the barge-man rests, and the ass eats its oats. The problem of heavy transport seemed solved for all time. Wheels brought their tiny loads to the barges, which swam them over the liquid path to the blue water where ships awaited them. Canals were excavated in all directions, wherever water could be had to fill them, and supreme highways of commerce arose along lines impracticable for roads. The water that turned the mills, floated their produce from the door to the Indies, and brought back the raw material. Water-wheels were all very well, but waggon-wheels were going out of date.

Wheels bided their time, then steam rushed them into their own again. The railway came, and, not content with sweeping up the traffic of the coaches and reducing passenger time almost from days to hours, crushed the canals vindictively rather than justly. The railway company bought our canal, and, building its line alongside, transferred to the metals even the traffic the canal should have kept. Now, its banks are cracked, and the streams it had disciplined to honest work play truant again. The locks that demonstrated the perfect

hoisting force of water yawn at the vacant trench above and below. Where loads of wheat and coal once swam, the sticklebacks must steer wisely or be stranded. Even that trickle is mostly hidden from the eye by a forest of land-and-water weeds that have the ambition to fill the trench level with its banks. It is a ribbon of bright lush-green, bearing like beads the long brick water-hoists, with the gates still swinging on their easy hinges to assure us that it really was once a canal.

The towing-path is still the only street of the upper valley. No wheel-road ever went over the pass. The canal even, when it had climbed some five hundred feet, dived under the hill in a mile-long tunnel, thus linking the western with the eastern river systems, and joining the ports of London and Bristol. At the western end of the tunnel, jammed against the hill that the tunnel bores, is a large village, understandable enough as a fresh-water port, but now that the water has run down, stranded like the sticklebacks. The next place is, say the inhabitants, "down the road," by which they mean, strangely enough, down the old waterway, or the only way that remains of it, the towing-path. It is a black ribbon scarcely a foot wide, evidently built deep of ashes, for it is clean of weeds in a perfect jungle of grass and flowers. A mile down the "road" we are in a garden of Eden, the intensity of whose peace is intensified by the fact that man once subdued it, and by the fury of the vegetation that is obliterating his traces.

The botanist finds here one of his happiest hunting grounds. The entomologist, too, for the insect is the child of the plant. The kingfisher flashes his sea-blue streak of light across the green jungle and the rare pools that are its eyes; the dipper builds under a jet of water that spurts into a lock through the boards of a closed gate; like pike basking among lukewarm weeds sometimes dash at the gaudy dragon-flies that settle there; snakes hunt frogs among the ooze of escaping streams; moor-hens croak melodiously amid the greenery that hides them so close that we can almost cover them with a hat when we find them. Everything makes a strangled work of civilization different from the untouched wild, and from the cultivated field. The wild flowers that are in a mob elsewhere have been drafted here in select battalions for the thorough capture of an advanced position to be given over to the mob hereafter. Gipsy-wort is driving at the brick walls with its knuckly roots, skull-cap aids it in higher and drier positions, bistort covers a section of the canal bed with knotty branches and bright, pink flowers. The last is making humus as fast as it can. Stringy-rooted grasses will weave it into a mass to withstand the winter rains. Hemp agrimony with great mauve heads perhaps comes next. The dragon-flies flee from that section, and jewel-winged butterflies of the dry land rejoice among the honeyed goblets. There, where the trough happened to be deeper, or in some other way better fitted, a great patch of arrow-head is in full possession, the barbed blades shining like steel spears. Again, the water plantain rears its feathery tree of white blossom, flowering rush opens pink and almost as large as apple-bloom, creeping-jenny hangs a bank with yellow showers, or purple loosestrife runs tongues of flame above the great leaves of butter-bur.

There is no place so summery as this when the sun shines down and stirs up hot vapors like those of a greenhouse. But the valley banks are high, and they turn and turn again, so that when we have had too much sun, we can pass to a part of the gorge that is cool between green woods. And the cemented trough holds now and then half-a-mile of water deep enough to swim in, with trout in it that got there in winter when the little



river overflowed, and made the canal for a time almost as navigable as ever it was. The water-weeds were a little parched of late, and autumn rains have awakened them to new life, so that the valley of the canal is abloom as though spring had come. The ruin of this very notable industry of our forefathers leaves us a waterside footpath for which, in a world of "No thoroughfare," we are very grateful.

## Present-Day Problems.

### THE PROBLEM OF WOMEN'S WAGES.

In politics, a good battle-cry is half the battle. An attractive simplicity gives the best chance of gathering public support in aid of any reform. Every advocate of change, therefore, tries to compress his demand into some brief formula, which shall convey at least the gist of his meaning. Inevitably, the very simplicity of his formula makes it inadequate in the working-out; but this matters the less if he is able, by means of it, to draw attention to a neglected problem.

The demand for "equal pay for equal work" is of this character. It expresses, briefly and simply, the aim of those who wish to raise the standard of women's work and wages; but, as soon as the attempt is made to apply it in detail, all sorts of complications appear. It is a guiding principle throughout; it is not a rigid formula to be applied directly in every case.

This became clear at the very beginning of the war, as indeed it had been clear before to everyone with a real knowledge of industrial conditions. Difficulty arose first in the cases in which women began to replace men in the munitions industries. Were these women to receive the same rates of wages as the men whose places they took? The Government, pressed to declare its policy, agreed to equal piece-rates, and held that, where women who took the places of men were employed by the piece, the standard rates of wages should be paid. This concession was at once seen to be inadequate, and the Government was urged, by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst and others, to make a similar declaration with regard to time-rates. In default of such provision, it was clearly open to employers to put a large proportion of their women workers on time-rates, and so to avoid regulation altogether.

During the past year, the controversy on this question has dragged on from stage to stage, and it was only last week that, by the mouth of the new Munitions Labor Supply Committee, the Ministry of Munitions announced its policy. This Committee includes Miss Mary Macarthur and other trade union representatives, but the working-class element upon it is decisively outnumbered by employers and Government officials combined.

It is therefore not altogether surprising that the new recommendations are thoroughly unsatisfactory. In the first place, though they will presumably bind all factories and workshops directly under national management, there is no indication that they are compulsory even on those private establishments which are controlled under the Munitions Act. A clear declaration from the Ministry of Munitions that they are compulsory in such cases is urgently needed.

In the second place, the recommendations, though for the most part harmless as far as they go, are utterly inadequate to the situation. They apply only to "women of eighteen years of age and over employed on work customarily done by men" in munitions factories. But all the world knows that the phrase "work customarily done by men" is disastrously ambiguous. In many cases, if not in the majority of cases, the introduction of female labor has taken place on altogether new processes, or has been accompanied by re-grading and re-arrangement of old processes. It is especially in relation to such new processes and re-distributed operations that the demand for "equal pay" is most clearly seen to break down. Yet it would appear that women engaged

on such processes will receive absolutely no protection under the new regulations, though they form the class of workers that needs protection most. In fact, to a very considerable proportion of the women engaged on munitions, the Committee apparently refuses to extend any help. Their wages may still fall below subsistence level, even in Government establishments, and, though the processes on which they are engaged will in many cases persist after the war, nothing is to be done to prevent them from undercutting the male wage-earner when he returns from the colors.

There would be some show of reason in this, if the recommendations sought to establish "equal pay for equal work." Obviously, that formula can only apply where the work has been previously done by men. But the Committee's recommendation is not "equal pay," but a minimum time-rate of wages, and this clearly ought to apply to all classes of women workers in munition factories, and not simply to those who take on a definite job formerly done by a man. If there is a case at all for a minimum wage, it is a case for a minimum wage all round.

Furthermore, the minimum is itself to some extent illusory. Women over eighteen years of age "employed on time, on work customarily done by men, shall be rated at £1 a week, reckoned on the usual working hours of the district in question for men in engineering establishments." This clearly fails to make even the £1 a week minimum secure. On some jobs, women, for physical reasons, cannot work as many hours as men; but in these cases they will have a proportionate amount deducted from the standard rate. Even if we regard £1 a week as a living wage in these days of high prices, the woman worker is not guaranteed her £1 a week.

Nor is it clear that the £1 is to be regarded as a minimum. The clause says that women "shall be rated at £1 a week"—not "at least £1 a week." Is the £1, then, a maximum as well as a minimum for women time-workers? It is expressly stated that this is not so where women are employed on fully skilled work; for in these cases the recommendation provides for equal time-rates. But the vast majority of women are graded as unskilled or semi-skilled workers, and in their case no reservation is made.

So far we have been speaking entirely of time-work. With regard to piece-work, the provisions laid down earlier by the Government are reiterated and amplified. In especial, some of the ambiguities of Schedule II. of the Munitions Act are now cleared up. Equal piece-rates are guaranteed unequivocally wherever the work has been done before by men at piece-work prices, and provision is made for calculating piece-rates where a transition is made from time-work to piece-work on the introduction of female labor. Nothing, however, seems even now to protect the woman piece-worker on a new process. Piece-workers, irrespective of their output, are guaranteed the minimum rate for time-workers; but this, too, seems to be subject to a deduction if less hours than the standard number for men are worked. Other clauses secure extra payment for overtime, and regulate the calculation of earnings under the premium bonus system, the widespread adoption of which is one of the employers' most notable victories in the present war.

Clause 8 is interesting, if not fruitful. "The principle upon which the recommendations proceed," it declares, "is that on systems of payment by results, equal payment shall be made to women as to the men for an equal amount of work done." In short, the principle of the Committee, woefully as it fails to live up to it, is still that of equal pay for equal work.

This is essentially the right principle, as long as inequality of payment persists at all. It has not "broken down," as some of its enemies say; it has only been clearly recognized as a governing principle and not a formula. Even in fixing a minimum wage, it is possible to keep this principle in view, though here another enters in to modify it. The general principle of the minimum wage is that wages shall not fall below subsistence level. How low that level is supposed to be, we know only too well from our experience of Trade Boards and Relief Committees. But in the case of women engaged on

munitions work, another principle applies. The minimum there fixed should be high enough to guarantee that women's labor shall cost the employer the same as men's, measured in terms of output.

This, however, surely points, not to a single minimum, but to a graded system of minima. A wage of £1 a week may be enough for women who, being new to munitions work, are really unskilled: it is certainly not enough to be called "equal pay," where the women, after a period of training, have become proficient at their work. Those who would be willing to accept £1 a week as a fair wage for learners cannot help seeing, in the rates recommended by the Labor Supply Committee, both a menace to trade union standard rates and an injustice to the women themselves. The principle of a national minimum for women munition workers needs to be supplemented by local machinery for fixing equitable rates for each class of labor, whether it is employed as a direct substitute for male labor or on new or re-arranged processes. The details can only be filled in by local bodies with a full knowledge of the conditions under which each class of labor works. In short, the failure of the Labor Supply Committee to settle the problem of women's wages only serves to show still more plainly than before the need for the reconstitution of the local Munitions Committees, and for the conferring upon them of power to fix, within limits nationally decided, rates of wages for every class of female labor in which the guarantee of equal piece-rates affords no solution. This is one of the cases in which the attempt at a cast-iron regulation of wages from the centre will inevitably prove ineffective, and in which the central authority can only lay down general principles to which local regulation must conform. Everything depends upon the interpretation placed upon national regulations in the various workshops; and, that being so, the first need is for local bodies to see that they are enforced in the spirit and in the letter.

The new regulations fail to settle the problem of women's wages; but they place no barrier in the way of a further attempt. It is to be hoped that the Labor representatives will force the Ministry of Munitions to tackle the problem more courageously, and to regulate the conditions, not only of women who have taken the places of men, but of all women munition workers.

G. D. H. COLE.

## Letters from Abroad.

### C'EST LA GUERRE; QUE VOULEZ-VOUS?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I wanted to see France. The land of the battlefield would be revealing. Germany is grim, bitter, reckless, and determined; England busy and outwardly normal. What should I find in a country in the hands of the enemy? Each day passport regulations grow more rigid. England is easy to enter, but hard to leave. The English Army captain at Folkestone viewed my passport with disfavor. It bore the stamp of the Woman's Peace Congress at The Hague, and my visit to Germany. He frowned and looked at me sternly. Suddenly his eye lighted on the lappel of my coat. My heart sank. In my buttonhole was a peace button, a memento of The Hague Congress. I had forgotten to remove it. "You're a dangerous woman, I can't let you pass." One by one my lucky fellow-travellers emerged with stamped passports. The Channel steamer began to puff and snort. I must get to Paris. Furtively I watched the English captain. I took the peace button from my coat—a little blue disc, on it in letters of white the word "Peace." What a topsy-turvy world! A bomb labelled "For the Kaiser" would have proclaimed me a safe person. The little object in my hand made me "a dangerous woman." Suddenly I laughed. Going to the captain I held out the button. "See," I said, "I'll give it to you." He tried to be stern, but the joke pierced his sense of humor. His mouth twitched,

then he straightened up and said severely—"if you speak one word of peace, I'll have you arrested." You can never tell what will satisfy passport officials. Humor and a letter which testified I had written an article on Germany for THE NATION, won the day, when a letter signed by Secretary of State Lansing failed.

I smiled my good-byes to the English captain, and dashed on the boat as it moved into the Channel. It was ten p.m. when I reached Paris. London at night is dark, but Paris is black. There was not a ray of light in the street when I stepped from the cab to my lodging place. Silent, dark, and motionless lay the city. In that one swift glance I knew Paris was not Paris.

The next day I began to explore. I wandered up and down streets, in and out of shops, and drank coffee at sidewalk cafés. The streets were filled, taxis clattered past, the driver's whip snapped, but it was a totally unfamiliar Paris. The lightness, the color, the gaiety, the brilliant women, the smiling men, the wit, the bubbling laughter and song, had vanished. The Opera House sparkled in the sunshine, hurrying people crowded the Avenue de l'Opéra, the sidewalk cafés of the Boulevards des Capucines and des Italiens were filled, but with a sober, sad, black-clad people. I saw that practically every woman was in mourning; even the street women wore black. And the men? Grey-haired men drove cabs, white-haired, bent-shouldered waiters served drinks; but straight, upstanding young men there were none. I say none, that is not quite true. A one-legged Turco, scarcely more than a boy, went hustling by on crutches with an empty red-trouser leg flapping aimlessly. Paris is full of cripples. Legless, armless, blind men, all young, passed in a steady stream. As I watch that procession of cripples and women in black, intermittently comes the hoot-hoot of a speeding automobile. Before that sound all gives way. Great grey auto-ambulances emblazoned with red crosses rush suffering burdens to hundreds of hospitals all over Paris. Then comes a whirring, rushing sound. All eyes are turned skyward. Like great birds, five or six aeroplanes dip and dive and skim over the spires of Paris. Paris does not fear Zeppelins. Her own aeroplanes are too active.

For France is awake—France is alert. She is proud and heroic. She says nothing and fights bravely on. But the heart and life of Paris are being crushed. It is impossible to see this and remain idle. I offer my services as assistant nurse at the American ambulance, and am accepted.

The English Army captain need not have feared peace talk. When the enemy is in the backyard it is like having a burglar in the house. In such a crisis, to dilate on the treatment of burglars is useless. The householder has but one desire, to drive the invader out. It may be that in so doing he will smash himself and his house, but as the Frenchman says with a significant shrug: "C'est la guerre. Que voulez-vous?" How often that phrase struck my ears. In the operating room, at the death-bed, or when I shuddered at sight of hundreds of little white crosses in a meadow, telling of a bloody battle, I hear the voice of the soldier proclaiming: "C'est la guerre. Que voulez-vous?" In all the city there is only one topic of conversation—war. In all the city, activity centres around the wounded, the needy, and the necessities of life. While the men of the earth destroy, patiently the women struggle against the tide of destruction. In hospital, business, and home they labor to save, to build, to create. The women are very busy, for in a house of mourning there is work to be done. The shops are crowded. Supplies must be bought. But these tragic-faced women buy quickly. There is but one color to choose—black. Gay dresses and evening wraps may be bought for a song. Who is there to buy?

Wherever I go my little red cross, sign of the hospital, wins favor. A torn skirt is humbly mended on bended knees, and when I offer a fee, the money is pushed back into my hands with the words: "pour les blessés." This is the language of the women—"pour les blessés." No service is too great. For out of the



suffering of war has come gentleness. No cross word is spoken. Ready hands help one another. Strangers talk in the street. I see weeping women stop to tell each other their story. Vainly I search for signs of heartlessness or gaiety. The Montmartre district is closed. The paint is peeling from the front of the Moulin Rouge, and the theatre door sags on its hinges. The Folies Bergère was open, and I went there. It was a dreary performance—no lightness—no gay little jokes, no evening dresses in evidence. Even the street women, clad in black, plied their trade cheerlessly.

I remembered the conversation of my neighbors in a restaurant. Unknown woman to soldier home on leave: "Can't you stay-over this evening?" Soldier: "No." Woman: "I don't want any money; I want to be with you and talk." Soldier: "Why?" Woman: "Paris is so boring—there are no men."

Promptly at eleven the Folies Bergère closes. There are no side-shows, no bar, no visible supper resorts. When I reach the Metro, I find to my consternation it is closed for the night. No way to reach Neuilly and the hospital, which is just beyond one of the Paris gates. Taxi after taxi refuses aid, until a driver, who lives at Neuilly, agrees to take me home. I breathe a sigh of relief. The night before I had had an experience with black Paris nights. When I stepped from the Metro, shortly after ten, all lights were out. I groped my way to the Porte Maillot, for there a policeman with flickering light stood guard. But when he was passed there was total blackness; the blackness of a lonely country road at midnight. Only by the curb-stone can I tell when I have walked a block. How many blocks are there between the gate and my lodging place? I do not know. I am as completely lost as if in a desert. I stand on the corner and listen. Presently there comes a masculine tread. Then out of the darkness I speak—"I don't know where I am or where I live." All Paris is kind. My unknown, unseen friend conducts me to my front door. Next day I change my boarding place to one at the entrance to the Metro.

At eight every morning a hospital car takes me to the American ambulance, where I work until six. It is a busy life. At first I turn in horror from those swollen, red, raw, pus-flowing wounds occupying the place of an arm or leg or a portion of a face. But in twenty-four hours I am dressing these wounds, self-forgotten. It is good to be working, instead of waiting. But when a man's wounds heal and his strength returns, I rebel at sending him back to battle. Is the labor all to be lost? Faster than women can save, men go out and kill. Fortunately or unfortunately, not many men leave the ambulance for the front. Generally they have been too terribly wounded. But science is marvellous. Ribs are cut from the patient, and new jaws made, arms, legs, and eyes amputated, and artificial ones substituted. The ambulance loses by death but 6 per cent. of its cases, yet only one in ten of the men in my ward will be able to return to the front. This accounts for that endless procession of cripples.

On the second morning as I hurry down a long hospital corridor, I see a familiar face. A short, dark-haired, dark-eyed young man is coming towards me. He is one of the wounded, and his right arm is gone. His eye catches mine. He stops bewildered. Then comes recognition. It is Zeni Peshkoff—Maxim Gorki's adopted son. Eight years ago when this man was a boy, I had known him in America. I grasp the left hand, and my eyes drop before the empty right sleeve. But Zeni Peshkoff is still gay, laughing Zeni. He makes light of his trouble. Not until later did I understand how terrible is the suffering in the arm that does not exist, or to see how he struggled to use that which is not. Peshkoff had been in the trenches for months. He had been through battles and bayonet charges, and escaped unhurt. But at last his day came. A bursting shell destroyed the right arm. He knew his danger, and at once struggled to his feet, and walked from the battlefield. With the left hand he supported the bleeding, broken right arm. As he stumbled back past trenches full of German prisoners, his plight was so pitiful, his pluck so great, that instinctively these men saluted. At the

"Place de Secours" 800 wounded had been brought in. There was accommodation for 150. All night young Peshkoff lay unattended, for there were others worse hurt. Gangrene developed, and he watched it spread from fingers to hand, and from hand to arm. In the morning a friendly lieutenant, noticing his plight, said: "There's one chance, and that's a hospital. If you can walk, come with me." Slowly young Peshkoff arose. Half-fainting, he dressed, and went with the lieutenant. First by taxi to the train, and then through twelve torturing hours by train to Paris. As the hours passed the gangrene crept higher and higher. The sick man grew giddy with fever. At each station his carriage companions, fearing death, wished to leave him upon the platform. But the lieutenant was firm. The one chance for life was the hospital. Finally, Paris was reached. A waiting ambulance rushed him to the hospital. Immediately he was taken to the operating room, and the arm amputated. A half-hour more and his life could not have been saved. But this dramatic incident is only one of many. The pluck of the average soldier is tremendous. Operations were accepted without question. There are no protests—only the murmured "C'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?"

The wounded do not like to talk war. Their experiences have been too terrible. They try to forget. War is no longer a series of gallant deeds. It is a matter of bursting shells. One man with leg blown off had never even seen the enemy. Bayonet charges after months of waiting are almost a relief. But a normal man does not enjoy running his bayonet into his fellow-man. It can be done only under intense excitement.

Only one soldier spoke with gusto of the Germans he had killed. This man had had his lower face shot away. A wounded German lying on the ground had risen on his elbow and shot him. "Then," said the Frenchman: "I took my bayonet, and ran him clean through. He said: 'Ugh,' I ran him through again, and he was dead." To most men those bayonet charges are like some mad dreams.

I asked Zeni Peshkoff, Socialist, what his sensations were, when he went out to kill. "It didn't seem real; it doesn't now. Before my last charge, the lieutenant and I were filled with the beauty of the night. We sat gazing at the stars. Then the command came, and we rushed forward. It did not seem possible I was killing human beings."

It is this unreality that sustains men. Germans are not human beings—only the enemy. For the French soldier loathes war, and longs for peace. He fights for one object—a permanent peace. He does not want standing armies and giant navies. He fights to save his children from fighting.

"Have you any children?" I ask one soldier. "No, thank God!" is the reply. "But why?" I ask. "Because," comes the fierce answer, "if I had a son I would rather he deserted than see what I have seen." This man is not unusual. The soldiers—not the women—are beginning to say: "We will have no more children unless there is no more war."

In the hospital the truth is spoken. No soldier wants to go back to battle. Yet he goes, and every man in France goes willingly. What else is there to do? The enemy is in the land.

The soldiers listen eagerly to my tales of the Social Democrats in Germany. I suggest internal revolution rather than smashing by an outside force as a way of ending war and militarism. To this they agree. But how reach the Social Democrats and start revolution? That is their problem. Negotiations with the German Government are impossible. The Government is not to be trusted. It would lie, and there would be another war. Germany must be defeated, because that means the defeat of militarism, and that means the end of war. Curious anomaly. In all Paris there is no Peace Movement, yet there as nowhere else one can talk peace. I hunted out Madame Somina, friend and comrade of the Social Democrats I had met in Germany. Hidden away in an attic of an old building in the Latin quarter I found her. She is a woeful, tragic little figure in black. Alone and unbefriended, she seeks to stem the tide of



hate, and send words of encouragement to the comrades in Germany. Recently she was summoned before the police. The Socialist manifestos prepared at Berne last March had been found in the mail, and traced to her. "Take care," warned the police, "or you will be arrested." But France does not fear its Socialists. They, like all France, fight willingly. In Germany it is different, for many of the Social Democrats do not want war. Madame Somina felt the futility of her efforts. What an *impasse*! Germany bitter, relentless, ugly, and at bay, determined to prove to the world her might. France tragic, heart-broken, proud, and resolute, determined to fight for a permanent peace. England annoyed, unwilling to see France crushed, and determined that Germany shall not win. Is there a way out? When will it end? "I don't know when war will end," says a soldier, "but I know where it will end—in the trenches." More and more it grows clear that the test is to be endurance—not victories. Who can hold out longest?

As my train sped to A—, soldiers were building trenches to the railroad track. From day to day as battle rages, a trench may be taken. But how can either side beat back over miles and miles of trenches? Meanwhile, human life ebbs out. The fields of the Marne are one big cemetery. The land is dotted with little white crosses. Yet from this land the peasant gathers his crop. Never has the ground been more fertile. With a crack of his whip the driver points to a great open meadow rich with grain. "There," he says, "four thousand Germans were burned to death."

On one of my last days in Paris I went to the Invalides. Some wounded soldiers were being decorated. The place was packed. Weeping relatives came to honor their brave men. A mother with a babe stood beside me. Tears are on her cheeks, but pride shines in her eyes, as a blind husband is led to his place. Then a band strikes up, and out across the courtyard move a hundred legless, armless, and blind men. God! can this be real. Yes, there is the Commander-in-Chief bestowing kisses and pinning on medals. I shut my eyes. I see France as she will be in a few years—swarming with cripples. I see young men made old and helpless, fingering medals.

I start back to England. This time I have the red cross in my buttonhole. At Folkestone I am again sorted out from my fellow travellers, and conducted before the same army captain. Fortunately, he remembers me, and I ask gaily about the peace button, and point to my red cross. That emblem pleases him, and he inquires about France. I tell him the situation is tragic. "Go back and tell that to England and America," is his parting injunction, and, turning to his fellow-officers, he says gruffly: "This woman is all right as far as I am concerned." So I make my departure.—Yours, &c.,

MADELINE L. DOTY.

## Letters to the Editor.

### APPROACHES TO PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The remarks of Dr. Horton are most interesting: indeed they open a new vista. The Prussian is to be persuaded to withdraw from Northern France, nay, even from Belgium itself, and left fully armed on his own frontiers to consider ripely his next step. He may elect, for instance, to invade Holland, as a jumping-off ground against this country. In that case he will very reasonably reflect: "If I win, I win the world's maritime empire; if I lose, I lose nothing. For it is the excellent custom of these combatants only to ask me to let go of whatever I may choose to seize: and in the worst conceivable case I shall forfeit nothing but Holland, which has not hitherto been exactly a jewel in my crown." If, after making Holland a desert, he has failed in this war also, and been sternly despoiled of the country that had never been his, he may turn his attention to Switzerland as an avenue of attack

upon Italy; and the same bright thoughts will continue to comfort him. At the best he will gain what he hasn't got: and at the worst he will only lose what he hasn't got. If forced to return a ruined Switzerland to its titular owners, he will perhaps proceed to an equally safe destruction of Denmark: and the game will continue at the option of the player. Or, perhaps, the peace-makers will prefer that Belgium should be the permanent victim of all such attacks, being ravaged whenever the Prussian wishes to combine possible business with certain pleasure. We may thus look forward to a sort of pastime of perpetual motion, the Prussian battering forward and back through Belgium like a piston rod until, as is likely enough, he succeeds at last.

To say that such renewals of war will not follow is irrational on the face of it. It is saying that the Prussian is morally incapable of doing what he has already done. Why should he not try it again, if he knows no punishment will follow? The Prussian is perfect: he has said so a thousand times. He says so more rather than less, as the incidents peculiar to his code of ethics accumulate. If he were to sink a thousand "Lusitanias," tear down a thousand Louvains, tear up a thousand treaties, butcher a thousand Edith Cavells, and tell a thousand lies to a thousand Americans in order to do it—he would still, on his own repeatedly pronounced principles, be absolutely perfect and pure. Though myself one of the "dull blusterers of the Press," I am not, in saying this, abusing the Prussian: I am quoting him. Again and again he has asserted that he has a higher morality, which only Germans can understand. Even the Chancellor, certainly the most moderate and humanitarian of the German governing group, declined, I fancy, to admit that any other people were on the same moral and intellectual level as his own. People who believe thus firmly that they are exceptions will naturally go on acting as exceptions. They must also be treated as exceptions.

There is only one real objection to my vision of the ever-varying Prussian attacks. And that is that we know for certain what the next Prussian attack will be. It will be an attack on an isolated England, in accordance with Prussia's general plan for what was to follow her Continental campaign. That plan is now perfectly plain in point after point, from the Haldane negotiations to the "Hymn of Hate"; from the Navy in the German Estimates to the Navy in the Kiel Canal. Anyone who does not believe in it must believe instead in an uninterrupted chain of staggering coincidences. What Prussia very nearly did against England and France, she may succeed in doing against England without France. In that case she will certainly set to work to uproot the native culture and citizenship of England, exactly as she has in fact set to work to uproot the native culture and citizenship of Poland. She will do it calmly, and no more admit it is wrong than Omar admitted that burning the Alexandrian Library was wrong. By the way, I should like to hear Dr. Horton on the "bag and baggage" policy towards Turkish tyranny, which Gladstone suggested and the Balkan Alliance carried out. If the Turks deserved that, the Prussians deserve it much more.

I do not know what importance such peacemakers attach to the certain enslavement of their native land: there are so many fine shades of ethical difference nowadays. But there is one consideration to which they would, I think, give some weight. It would be well that Messrs. Hobson and Horton should clearly understand that the name of the third partner in their firm is Harmsworth. He and his fellow plutocrats are not really working for conscription for military purposes during the fighting. They are working for conscription for servile purposes after the fighting. And that is precisely and literally what your distinguished correspondents would give them. We may not have, and we may not want, compulsory service during the war. We shall most certainly want, and we shall most certainly have, compulsory service during the peace: that is the peace of Dr. Horton. I, for one, who am no conscriptionist, should be forced to consider it if a few years of insecure truce gave us as well as the Prussians time to prepare the system properly. But whatever we thought, the thing would quite unquestionably be done. Dr. Horton's peace would put an end to all dreams about disarmament or even reduction of armaments. Dr. Horton says he is not satisfied with the phrase about working for the destruction of

Prussian militarism; and he is right. What he is working for is the establishment of British militarism; and for ever.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. J. A. Hobson's weighty letter emphasizes two outstanding features of the war. One is that it is a war of "attrition." The other is that it is a war in the dark—a war in which each of the combatants is in almost total ignorance of the real demands (as distinct from the bluff) of the other. The latter feature is in some ways the more terrible of the two, for it is removable. A war of attrition may be a necessity; a war in the dark is not a necessity. It is the business of statesmen to keep themselves informed at every stage as to whether the objects for which they entered upon a war can be attained; and if not, how near they are to attainment. Statesmen are not put in office merely to conduct a war, but to conduct a war for a certain object—in our case, the greatest possible measure of security for ourselves and for Europe. So long as there is a possibility, even the slightest, of our object being attainable, they ought to neglect no opportunity of finding out. Diplomacy has plenty of means at its disposal, direct and indirect, for finding out. Nothing could excuse ignorance on this crucial point, for such ignorance might result in continuing the sacrifices of war after the moment had arrived when they had ceased to be necessary. Nor is it only a question of the direct sacrifices of the war. Many vital issues are in the balance—for example, the future position of our country as the financial centre of the world, its future social condition, and, last but not least, conscription.

It may be that those responsible for the conduct of affairs are accurately informed on the point in question. We have no means of knowing whether they are or not. But, judging by past history, it is very probable, to say the least, that they are not; and until we know positively that they are, we must, as reasonable men, continue to demand that they should appreciate the urgency of the matter, and should take the necessary steps.

We cannot, of course, tell what is the extent of the concessions which Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey might be willing to make in order to obviate the necessity of another winter's fighting. We do know, however, certain important facts which are relevant to the question. We know that the popular conception of a "top-dog" Germany, perfectly free from difficulties, financial, military, or political, and able to contemplate continued fighting with light-hearted indifference, is a gross exaggeration, fostered by a mischievous press campaign in this country. We know that we dominate the seas, that we hold in pawn practically the whole of Germany's colonial empire, with the exception of German East Africa, and that we are continuing to make terrific inroads upon Germany's fighting strength in France. We have evidence that moderate opinions are growing in Germany, and that were it not for the censorship, and the fear of weakening the hands of the Government in the coming bargaining process, they would be far more widely expressed than they are. We know that in every country men are driven to continue the war by a belief in the insatiable demands of the enemy, and that this belief is largely due to the selective process by which the press, week after week, and month after month, magnifies every violent utterance on the other side, and conceals or throws into the shade every utterance which breathes a spirit of moderation.

It is, of course, possible—it is, if you will, probable—that we shall find that no terms satisfactory to ourselves and our Allies can be obtained. If so, then we go on with more determination than before, because with a more definite knowledge of what we are fighting for. No member of the general public can tell for the moment whether our objects are attainable; but why not find out?—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

Reform Club.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—There is much in the letters of Mr. J. A. Hobson and Dr. R. F. Horton with which one may agree without in

the least believing that they have truly grasped the inwardness of the situation. It is certainly true that Great Britain is fighting in this war for the objects described by your correspondents, and has no desire to enrich herself by extension of territory or increase of temporal power. Neither her statesmen nor her people would gainsay this, but, on the contrary, would lay down their lives and treasure to prove it, as they are doing. But she has an aim and object more positive, and that is to lay the foundation of a lasting peace. How she proposes to do this is not within the province of the uninstructed to say, but I am persuaded that the way suggested by your distinguished correspondents is not promising. Its chief defect lies in the fact that it bespeaks a distrust of those who now govern the State. Such an attitude (so common just now, and as disastrous as widespread) is most comforting to Prussianism, for this uses it to show that our people suspect that our statesmen are hypocritical and that the plighted word of our Premier is as a "scrap of paper."

To make such proposals as your correspondents would have us make would certainly be interpreted by Germany as a proof of our decadence and as the wail of a combatant in distress. The "olive branch" has never succeeded with Germany, but, on the contrary, has spurred her on to greater military effort. When we reduced our Naval estimates, and later, proposed a "Naval holiday," she increased her Army and Navy, and became more bellicose in mind and temper. It is a common and well-known attitude: the delusion of the bully.

Militarism as worshipped in Germany can never fall until the idol comes to grief. When the prodigal ends his riotous living at the swine's trough he may seek a return to civilized and Christian character; but not before. When he does so, we may then kill the fattened calf, and, with him, make merry.—Yours, &c.,

S. PROUDFOOT.

The Vicarage, North Somercotes, Lincolnshire.  
October 26th, 1915.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is only by taking comparisons at distant times that one can approach to an answer to this question, and I therefore take a page from the history of 1759 to indicate an affirmative answer.

We were then in the middle of the Seven Years' War. We were bolstering up our Prussian ally to the tune of £679,000 a year, without which he must have succumbed to a swarm of enemies, comprising the French, the Swedes, the Russians, the Austrians, and the Imperialists. His case was a bad one that year. For Frederick had suffered four capital defeats. The Russians had beaten him so badly at Gunnersdorf on August 12th, that, after writing to his wife to expect in two hours the news of a glorious victory, he had to counsel her within a few hours to fly with her children from Berlin and to bid the town make what terms it best could with the enemy. His General Finck had had to surrender his whole army to the Austrians. Nevertheless, "he had continued in some sort superior in the field," for the united forces of his enemies had made no impression on his dominions.

Our own case was far better that year. Since we had been a nation we had never had such successes, both by land and sea, and in every quarter of the globe. In the East Indies one success against France had followed another; whilst in the West Indies we had taken Guadaloupe and other islands. The taking of Fort Niagara had fulfilled the original cause of the war, for it had cut the French communications between Canada and Louisiana. Above all, the fall of Quebec had cut off all possible supplies from France of reinforcements or munitions. The projected French invasion had ended in the shattering and dispersion of the whole of France's formidable navy off Belleisle; whilst on land the Battle of Minden had shed lustre on our arms. We had become, in Burke's words, "the pride and terror of Europe."

Yet in these circumstances, when there was every motive to continue so successful a war, the statesmen of George II. of England and of Frederick the Great issued the following offer of peace to the belligerent Powers:—

"Their Britannic and Prussian Majesties, moved with

compassion at the mischiefs which the war, that has been kindled for some years, has already occasioned, and must necessarily produce, should think themselves wanting to the duties of humanity, and particularly to their tender concern for the preservation and well-being of their respective kingdoms and subjects, if they neglected the proper means to put a stop to the progress of so severe a calamity, and to contribute to the re-establishment of public tranquillity. In this view, and in order to manifest the purity of their intentions, in this respect, their said Majesties have determined to make the following declaration, viz.:-

"That they are ready to send plenipotentiaries to the place, which shall be thought most proper, in order there to treat conjointly of a solid and general peace, with those whom the belligerent parties shall think fit to authorize, on their part, for the attaining so salutary an end."—("Annual Register for 1759," 267. December, 1759.)

The French would listen to no proposals, hoping to recover on the side of Germany their losses elsewhere. But the point is that the English and German monarchs and statesmen of those times were not indifferent to the call of humanity, nor to the sufferings which war entailed in days when those sufferings were a mere bagatelle compared with what they are to-day. We fling the flower of our youth into the furnace of war with as little concern as if they were coals flung into a fire-grate. Such a declaration or such sentiments as those I have quoted are absolutely inconceivable from any Government existing to-day. The voice of humanity has died out of the world.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. FARRER.

Ingleborough, Lancaster. October 28th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent, Mr. J. A. Hobson, I should like to remind him of a fact which he seems to have forgotten. He writes as though Great Britain were the only Power at war with Germany. He suggests that we should put forward terms of peace, which should be based on the evacuation by the Germans of all the territories belonging to France, Russia, and Belgium which they are holding at the present time. But he forgets that we are not the only people to be consulted in this matter. Are we not allied with France, Russia, and Italy, to say nothing of Serbia and Belgium? Are these nations to have no voice in the terms of peace? If they are, as it is quite certain they are, then will not France require the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine, Italy the handing over to her of "Italia Irredenta," Russia the creation of Poland? And is no one to pay for the sins of the Prussian in Belgium, France, and Russia?

Germany and Austria have let loose the dogs of war, and Germany and Austria must pay the penalty. War is an awful thing. Every right-thinking person would welcome its ending. But do not let us vainly imagine that this war is going to end in a "let us all be as we were before the war" arrangement. That is impossible. For good or for evil, this war will produce mighty changes in Europe, and it is far better for us to face these things manfully than to imagine that one nation, and that nation ourselves, is going, by the exercise of a little diplomacy, to call the dogs of war back into their kennels.

Mr. Hobson will first have to ascertain the wishes and feelings of our Allies before he begins to talk about terms of peace. And there is another matter which I also think he has forgotten. If we insist upon the evacuation of conquered territory by the Central Powers, they will equally insist upon our evacuation of the colonies we have taken from Germany.

What will South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Japan have to say to this proposition? Once again, I say, let us look facts in the face, and not lose ourselves in empty theories.—Yours, &c.,

H. WATSON SMITH.

Longlands House, Stourbridge.

#### THE DOUBLE STANDARD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think we are most of us agreed that much of the terrible trouble in the world at present comes from the

double standard of morals which obtains: the standard of justice between man and man and the far less developed standard of justice between State and State. Do we, however, sufficiently consider all the confusion and degradation which arises when—as in strictly militarist countries like Germany—a double standard of morality is set up for the individual: one standard for his civil life and a different standard altogether to be followed in his military profession? Conscription inevitably tends by its militarist implications to set up the second, more barbaric standard. Prussia is the example of this *par excellence*, and it is in the dominating class of Prussian officers that this difference of standard is most conspicuous. In the matter of family virtues the Herr Lieutenant—later on Herr Hauptmann—is usually a kindly, very human creature at home, a tender, if a somewhat exacting husband, a most affectionate, if somewhat high-handed father. If the Frau Lieutenant is clever in the preparation of succulent meats at home and in making a good appearance outside the home, there is no country in the world where the husband more openly adores and admires his wife. What good companions they are as they take their daily walking exercise *together* whenever possible! How intimately they share the cares and worries of preserving the dignity of their official position on the slenderest of incomes before a world where necessities ever grow dearer, and low commercial classes take to themselves bountiful airs and riches! How they play into one another's hands in sealing the charmed circle in which the poorer but prouder honestly live and move and have their being! Their conduct is as human and child-like and harmless as genteel life in Cranford. But how different is the standard which military duty imposes on the same man in his profession! He is blinded to constant brutality in dressing down and breaking in the raw material of successive conscript crowds, blinded to slavish obedience exacted by superiors down to the least unimportant button; he is blinded to any claims of womanhood save as ministrant slaves of men.

The double standard obtains—necessarily obtains—for the whole of the nation's manhood from Kaiser to humblest Bursch. The less exigent, militarist standard has its successes; it has tidied up and straightened out and cleared up the ineffectual intellectualism of a race by nature romantically kind and affectionate, a race that cared more for ideals than appearances. But it has deadened countless individual souls and produced one vast human machine perfected in brutality.

What might not the effect of the inevitable double standard set up by that national militarism of which conscription is the first step be on ourselves? We might learn how to exploit and dominate rather than how to rule and replenish the earth in its fullness. We might even in time, with strength and fierceness of aim, mechanically "accomplish our destiny," instead of precariously muddling through the accomplishment of our duty.

But what of the loss of individuality, loss of common humanity, and of some rational grasps of the higher purpose of human existence and of human destiny?

In this hour of decision who shall say it is worth while even commencing to set up such a double standard?—Yours, &c.,

C. E. PLAYNE.

#### GREECE AND THE SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on "The Choice for Greece" gives food for thought. You have consistently urged the settlement of this war on lines of nationality—that ideal with which Mr. Arnold Toynbee has made us so familiar. It is the only way, you have said in effect, to make this a "war to end war." And yet you now suggest that the Balkan muddle, at any rate, shall be settled on the basis of a system of reward and punishment. "In the west of Asiatic Turkey," you say, "lie some of the great prizes of the war." But, on the argument of a "national" settlement, the "prizes" in a particular area can only go to one nation—that one which claims a large majority of the inhabitants. "But," you continue, "there are other claimants besides Greece for these rich territories." How can that be? It cannot be so unless you are going to throw aside altogether the national ideal. This unification of all Greek peoples, as you yourself



observe, has in it great possibilities for the future happiness and tranquillity of Greece. Yet not one acre of these lands, which are hers from the racial point of view, "will she receive if she does not take the step desired by an overwhelming majority in the Chamber."

We need not stop to consider the question whether the vote of confidence in M. Venezelos was "overwhelming" or not; but the question of nationality must be faced. Is the union of the people of one nationality under one government essential to the future peace of the world, or is it not? If it is, we must see to it that the settlement is made on these lines, irrespectively of whether we receive or do not receive the assistance in arms of the people affected. And again, if it is vital to world-peace, and these questions are not so decided when peace is made, then the "dream of Hellenism" will not be destroyed, though the possibilities of its fulfilment may be. The dream will remain as a nucleus round which may gather, at any time which the Greek Government may consider more opportune than this, another Balkan holocaust. If, on the other hand, the ideal is not necessary to a permanent peace, then for what are we fighting? In this case, there is no Alsace-Lorraine problem, no Macedonian question, even no sound reason why we should be aiding Belgium.

I do not presume to judge between these two sides of the question. I write not in a spirit of dogmatism, but in one of honest bewilderment. There seems to me to be an essential element of contradiction between the two attitudes. Are you going to make the settlement on lines of nationality or are you going to be influenced by considerations of assistance given or denied?—Yours, &c.,

C. F. STRONG.

5, Archibald Road, Tufnell Park, N.  
October 23rd, 1915

[We hope that the settlement will be made on national lines—certainly that it will not be made on anti-national ones. But Greece's attitude may well put it out of the power, as well as out of the will, of the Allies to assist her to realize her national aspirations in Asiatic Turkey.—ED., THE NATION.]

#### GUERNSEY AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn by a Guernseyman serving at the front, "somewhere in France," to a letter signed "A Yorkshire Liberal Agent," which appeared in THE NATION of September 25th, 1915. I am not concerned with the views of "A Yorkshire Liberal Agent" as to Compulsory Training v. Compulsory Service, but I take a strong objection to his statement that "during the present war, the only part of the United Kingdom from which it has been impossible to raise a contingent for overseas service is the Channel Islands, where compulsory training prevails." True, compulsory training prevails in the Channel Islands, but the remainder of the statement is as wide of the truth as it is possible to be.

Up to the present, Guernsey alone has sent for service overseas two double companies and a machine-gun section. One company and the machine-gun section is attached to the 6th Royal Irish Regiment, and the other company to the 7th Royal Irish Fusiliers. Guernsey and Alderney have also provided a contingent of Artillery, 184 strong, which is now serving with the 9th Divisional Ammunition Column at the front. At a meeting of the Guernsey States (Legislative Assembly), held last week, the Lieut.-Governor (General Sir Reginald C. Hart, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.V.O.), announced that since the outbreak of war 1,323 Guernseymen have enlisted. I have in my possession a list of the names of over 100 Guernseymen who have been killed in action.

Jersey has also sent a double company for service overseas. This company is attached to the 7th Royal Irish Rifles.—Yours, &c.,

A GUERNSEYMAN.

October 20th, 1915.

#### "THE HEART OF FRANCE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the article, "The Heart of France," published

in a recent number of THE NATION, it is said that "of all nations, France has proved the most surprising, and the psychology of the French nation the most incalculable." A few lines after, we read in the same article, with reference to some deed of heroism performed by a French soldier on the battlefield, "It is not a new France; it is the France which has survived through all the centuries."

If I say that the writer is as perfectly right in his second statement as he is utterly wrong in his first, I am sure of expressing the opinion of many hundreds of foreigners who, like myself, have been living for years in France in close touch with French life, French people, French ideals, and French politics.

There has been too much nonsensical and ignorant talk about the new France. What France is doing to-day is no wonder to all who really knew her before the war. The sublime alliance of frivolity and greatness which has been at all times the secret of the French genius, has come as a surprise to a great many. These people should remember the following words from Renan's address to the French Academy in 1879:—

"Quand une nation par ce qu'elle appelle son sérieux et son application, aura produit ce que nous avons fait avec notre frivolité, des écrivains supérieurs à Pascal et à Voltaire, des meilleurs têtes scientifiques que d'Alembert et Lavoisier, une noblesse mieux élevée que la nôtre au XVII<sup>e</sup> et au XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, des femmes plus charmantes que celles qui ont souri à notre philosophie, un élan plus extraordinaire que celui de notre Révolution, plus de facilité à embrasser les nobles chimères, plus de courage, plus de savoir faire, plus de bonne humeur pour affronter la mort, une société en un mot plus sympathique et plus spirituelle que celle de nos pères alors nous serons vaincus. Nous ne le sommes pas encore. Nous n'avons pas perdu l'audience du monde."

Since then, France has not lost for a moment l'audience du monde. That French decadence we have heard so much about has given us men of Europe, in the last forty years, Renan himself, Pasteur, Berthelot, Curie, Guyau, Rodin, Henry Poincaré, naturalism in literature, symbolism in poetry, and last, but by no means least, Dreyfusism, that glorious civil strife, in which Frenchmen struggled between themselves for the human and universal principles of the rights of man. Now, in this very moment, such names as Paul Appell and Doctor Grasset are known all the scientific world over, and Anatole France is, without possible contestation, the noblest and greatest of living writers. So we cannot see, I and others, the reason whereby France is to-day a subject of astonishment as much as of admiration.—Yours, &c.,

EUGENIO XAMMAR.

Bedford Park, W.

#### Poetry.

##### TWO O'CLOCK, THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 12TH.

To her accustomed eyes

The midnight-morning brought not such a dread  
As thrills the chance-awakened head that lies  
In trivial sleep on the habitual bed.

'Twas yet some hours ere light;

And many, many, many a break of day  
Had she outwatched the dying; but this night  
Shortened her vigil was, briefer the way.

By dial of the clock

'Twas day in the dark—'twas day—"this day"—Who  
said,

"This day thou shalt be with Me"! Ere the cock  
Announced that day she met the Immortal Dead.

ALICE MEYNELL.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of the Duke of Marlborough." By Edward Thomas. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Russia, the Balkans, and the Dardanelles." By Granville Fortescue. (Melrose. 6s. net.)
- "The Future of Democracy." By H. M. Hyndman. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Inequality of Human Races." By Arthur de Gobineau. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)
- "Indian Thought, Past and Present." By R. W. Frazer. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Form and Color." By L. March Philipps. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Recollections of a Bishop." By the Right Rev. G. F. Browne. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Adventures of Scumas Beg." By James Stephens. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "French Novelists of To-Day." Second Series. By Winifred Stephens. (Lane. 5s. net.)
- "The Bet." By Anton Tchekhov. (Maunsell. 3s. 6d. net.)

THAT history ought to be readable, is a thesis that, for a score of years or so, has needed some courage to defend. "History," in the opinion of one of our most distinguished living historians, "is simply a science, no less and no more." Now, whatever else one expects from a scientific text-book, it is not emotion, style, imagination, or any of the other qualities that make a book readable in the ordinary sense. "Literary history" has almost come to be used as a term of reproach, and what used to be an essential part of the historian's craft—the art of narrative—is neglected. The consequence is that history written on this plan is also neglected, except by specialists, and we find Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, an historian who both by descent and achievement belongs to the opposite school, complaining in one of his essays that the thought and feeling of the younger generation are but little affected by historians.

A SIGN, or at least what I hope is a sign, of a change is the issue, almost simultaneously, of two fresh editions of John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People"—one, with a continuation by Mrs. Green, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, and the other, edited by Mr. L. Cecil Jane, and with an appendix by Mr. R. P. Farley, included among the latest batch of volumes in "Everyman's Library." For Green was one of the historians who wrote for the common reader of books. Even his friends were doubtful when they heard the nature of the task he had proposed for himself. "For a popular history such as he contemplates," Stubbs wrote to Freeman, "surely Charles Knight and the 'Pictorial' people have done what is necessary and possible from existing materials." That something was left to be done, was proved by Green's triumph—second only to Macaulay's. And it has been due to very much the same reason. Green could not be dry. The grace and brightness, as well as the ease, of his style, the skill with which he made his selections and exclusions, and, above all, his resolve to make his book the history of the people rather than of their rulers—these qualities won him his success, and, for the general reader, make the "Short History" still superior to all other works of its sort.

SCIENTIFIC historians, of course, are ready with objections to Green and his method. They would have us regard the historian as a prodigy of learning, rid of all human emotions, and sitting as a god holding no form of creed but contemplating all. Green made no claim to this loftiness of outlook. He worked for the most part on materials supplied by other men, and took a good deal on trust and at second-hand. This has been the cause of errors in matters of minor detail, which have been corrected by Mrs. Green in later editions. And if to be original is to write always from first-hand authorities, a history of England by a single writer is impossible. Scientific historians would add that it is not desirable. But Green's originality was of another sort than that of

extracting new theories from old documents. He transferred the emphasis in history from courts and kings and military glory to the internal development of the nation, and concentrated attention "on men, books, ideas, and ideals which revealed or influenced national life." "I dare say you would stare," he wrote to Freeman, "to see seven pages devoted to the Wars of the Roses, and fifteen to Colet, Erasmus, and More. The more I think over our story as a whole, the more its political history seems to spring out of, and be moulded into form by, the social and religious history you like to chaff me about."

ANOTHER charge brought against Green is that he allowed himself to be biased by his political views. Brewer, who reviewed the "Short History" in the "Quarterly Review," said that it was a democratic manifesto which idealized the people and despised their rulers. Certainly Green wrote from the democratic point of view. This was not a heinous crime. Impartial historians, I am afraid, are historians who take pains to conceal their prejudices, and I read Macaulay and Michelet and Carlyle and Froude with greater confidence because their leanings are so obvious as to deceive nobody. The only way in which a reader can form a judgment of any value upon a period is to read two or three good histories, written from different points of view, and then think about them for himself. Cherbuliez gives an amusing description of an interview between Ranke and another historian of the Reformation. The latter met Ranke, and embraced him enthusiastically, calling him his colleague. "Ah! permettez," répondit l'autre en se dégageant, "il y a une grande différence entre nous: vous êtes avant tout chrétien, et je suis avant tout historien." I prefer to think with Acton that an historian is also a man, and that his history contains the articles of his philosophic, his religious, and his political creed, however much he tries to conceal their presence.

It is well, at the same time, not to shut our eyes to the defects of Green's qualities. "All through the earlier part," he himself wrote, "I see the indelible mark of the essayist, the tendency to little vignettes, the jerkiness, the slurring over the uninteresting parts. I learnt my trade as I wrote on." He is, in fact, too picturesque, and Lord Bryce notes that in his resolve to present the facts in the most attractive manner, his judgment was sometimes dazzled by the brilliance of his ingenuity. One of his faults of style is to introduce a succession of short sentences into his descriptions, which fail to produce the vividness he sought, and leave the reader breathless. Frequently, too, his effects are overstrained. He wrote rapidly, and this is sometimes visible. But he was an artist in prose, and I fancy that an overwhelming majority of readers would be glad to exchange a dozen of the cold and colorless historians of the scientific school for another John Richard Green.

I HAVE no space to mention all the other additions to "Everyman's Library." One of the most interesting is a selection from the writings of William Penn, which includes the "Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers," "Some Fruits of Solitude," and the "Essay Towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe" in which Penn expounds his proposal for a European Parliament and an international police. That proposal has a very modern air at the moment. Penn wanted to erect a body in which all European States would be represented,

"before which sovereign assembly should be brought all differences depending between one sovereign and another that cannot be made up by private embassies before the sessions begin; and that if any of the sovereigns that constitute these imperial states shall refuse to submit their claim or pretensions to them, or to abide and perform the judgment thereof, and seek their remedy by arms, or delay their compliance beyond the time prefixed in their resolutions, all the other sovereigns, united as one strength, shall compel the submission and performance of the sentence, with damages to the suffering party, and charges to the sovereignties that obliged their submission."

Gogol's "Dead Souls," Ibsen's "Lady Inger of Ostraat," Macdonald's "Phantastes," and two volumes of Mrs. Ewing's tales are the most notable of the others.

PENGUIN.

## Reviews.

## IN THE PATH OF THE WAR.

"Russia, the Balkans, and the Dardanelles." By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE. (Melrose. 6s. net.)

IN describing war as "primitive" it is probable that most people have some idea of a decivilized activity, but it is hardly possible that even those to whose lips the description springs most commonly can realize that in war to-day atavism is complete. Men living primitively—cave-dwellers, in fact—fight elemental battles for elemental issues. Before the war it was reasoned that by pressing into service all the arts of civilization war would take on a new color. Armies would fight out of sight. There would be a number of new and strange weapons of offence and defence; and so on. Actually, the reverse is the case. Trenches are dug so near together that the soldiers in the opposing lines can exchange the jocose insults of their kind. The bayonet, so far from being obsolete, is the "hero" the moujik has traditionally called it; and the bullet, perhaps, a little of the "fool," he painted it in contrast. Hand-to-hand encounters, charges, and counter-charges are the order of the day. Helmets and shields have come back. The phalanx is here again. Even the ballista and catapult make their reappearance; and probably Mr. Fortescue is right in visualizing a future for the *testudo*.

Yet it is not on this, its theoretical side, that Mr. Fortescue's book is most valuable. We have reached a point where normal people think in terms of high explosives, communications, transport, army corps. There are others who still see the prancing horses, the gay uniforms, the inspiring bands, as the reality of war. This book shows another side of the picture. War is not primarily a question of theory, a vast game of chess. Neither is it the changing tapestry which the artist loves to imagine it. It is an affair of soldiers, and, in fact, whatever we do to the soldier, discipline him, transport him hither and thither, use him as a tactical unit for a tactical purpose, he still remains triumphantly human. It is the *sans culotte* aspect of war peeping through its trappings and its theories which the war correspondent of to-day is best fitted to give. The other he can at best imagine and a little deduce. These pictures of our ally in Poland record memorable things, which deserve a wider circulation, for they have a wider appeal, than any imaginings of strategy or romance. For the Russian soldier stands forth in them a companionable, lovable fellow. He is always polite and good-humored. Your motor-car drives two of his Siberian ponies with their carts into the ditch. To your apologies he answers with a smile and the universal "Nitchewo." "Give him a box of cigarettes or an illustrated paper, and tears of gratitude will come into his eyes. If he should happen to meet you on a later occasion, he will have a Prussian helmet or a sergeant-major's sword, which he will offer you with a certain amount of diffidence."

His equipment has elements of the picturesque. Over his cap, for winter wear, he draws a woollen hooded muffler, a bashlyk. With the tails wound round his neck, no more than his eyes appear. His reddish-grey overcoat does not sacrifice smartness to warmth. His boots have been copied by the Germans. All his clothing is good and warm. His rifle has always the bayonet, a long, wicked blade, fixed. Each man carries half a tent, and so attached is he to his own tea-kettle that "one out of every five marches jauntily along with the family pot slung to his belt." Of splendid physique, these men make up in native shrewdness and spirit what they lack in education. There is an extraordinary number of types in the Russian Army, and, indeed, Russia seems to vie with the United States as a huge ethnological laboratory. Some of these troops, drawn from a distant part of the Russian Empire, struck by the contrast of type when they left the train at Warsaw, naively asked, "Can we begin killing now?" Even the Cossacks number many distant racial groups. There are the Askhabads, whose ancestors confronted Alexander the Great. These add color to the service. They wear a long woven and

quilted purple coat of a material which gives a shot silk effect. Besides this, for warmth, they have saffron-stained sheepskin coats. And this vast multitude of men from all sorts of odd corners of the Tsar's Empire seems to be one in bravery and a cheerful if compulsory abstinence from all comfort. Put them into a trench, and they will stay there until they are "killed, captured, or frozen. When it so happens that all their officers are disabled they have one simple rule—to charge." They have had orders not to go back, so they go forward. Their physique makes them able to bear hardships which no other troops could possibly endure and remain efficient. Here is the menu for an officer's luncheon: "A cup of steaming coffee, a slice of soldier's black bread covered with a sliver of bacon-fat, was the *plat du jour*. White bread-and-butter was the dessert." Over against a composite picture made up of these diverse elements one incident shows strangely. A letter from his mother was found in the pocket of a German soldier. It ran: "I went to the war prison where Russian beasts are kept. They do much hard work all day, even to dragging carts like oxen. Catch some more of the beasts, for our people enjoy to see them at this low work." The Russians who read the letter were all amazed and shocked. One of the soldiers asked his officer to return the letter and inform the woman of her boy's death. "We are sorry your boy is dead, mother.—A Russian son."

The poignancy of Poland's passion is not lost upon the writer. He sees blood brothers, unnaturally owing allegiance to three States, compelled to fight one another, so that whoever wins, Poland loses. And this picture of a tortured race in a ruined land is shot with the evidences of German stupidity. The Germans call the Poles one day to rise on behalf of their liberators. The next day the very same aeroplanes which sowed the appeals broadcast now strew death-dealing bombs; and as a monument to German tenderness and pity there remains the story of Kalish. On this town was wrought, at the outset of the war, a crime which seems even to dwarf those of Belgium. "Old men and women killed, maidens violated, the young men forced into the ranks of the invading army, such was the fate of Kalish. It was the massacre of the people of Kalish that definitely turned the Poles from Germany." To this torn and bleeding race, for which history seems to reserve its bitterest tragedy, there comes now the temptation of a gleam of hope, or at least a respite. The Kaiser is reported to have offered to unite Posen to Poland, with Dantzig as a free port. At its face value, this would spell a glorious resurrection for Poland. It comes to her after one winter's suffering, when her children died by thousands. It is one of the gravest temptations that could confront a country. Burned villages that would rise anew, trampled fields that would bloom again—these are the prospect the tempter holds out, but hardly to deceive the hearts which most wish to believe it true.

Mr. Fortescue, returning from Galicia, falls in with the first batch of disabled British prisoners, returning to England. Their universal good spirits could hardly fail to impress anyone. "Cheer-oh! On'y one boot to clean," is the way one refers to the loss of a leg. Their one complaint was that they were clothed in uniforms supplied by the wastage of war when their own gave out, whereas the Germans against whom they were exchanged were well-dressed in mufti. There is a glimpse of Vienna given by the writer, who made his way back through Austria. The Austrian press is German fed. It conveys absurdities about hunger strikes in Russia—Russia, of all places, which cannot get rid of an unwanted surplus of foodstuffs. This is, perhaps, a sort of digestive to the bread cards. The bread, "a glutinous brown mass . . . is almost edible if cut in thin slices and toasted." Cripples were to be seen in the streets, and a doctor stated that in the winter fighting in the Carpathians it was not unusual to have a hundred amputations per day for frost-bite. Pest was surrounded by wire entanglements, and the new levies were old men and boys, against whom the German Landwehr showed superior in physique and equipment, as well as in discipline and spirit. Motor lorries were seen hurrying past with old boilers, bird-cages, kettles, and railings, for it was metal-collecting week. This was a precautionary measure.

Interest in the Balkans was in the summer mainly



political. Rumania was waxing fat on the opportunities of the war. There were great numbers of German officers constantly in Sofia, and through Bulgaria a stream of ammunition found its way to Turkey. These two countries were the key to the Balkan situation, for Mr. Fortescue visualizes Serbia as the villain of the piece, and Greece as negligible. All the Balkan States were frankly self-interested, as well they might be. Serbia is losing no time in laying a railroad to the Adriatic, for Austrian prisoners were at work on it. There was no panic in Constantinople. Instead, there was evident a certain military insolence, which has sprung from the Dardanelles failure. Bulgaria has joined the Germanic allies since the book was written, and hence the German diplomatic success appears to have been inexplicable, for Turkey is represented as looking to the war to restore the *status quo* before the first Balkan war. There was some nervousness about the British submarines, but there were numbers of serious Turkish recruits everywhere. The small effect of the British naval bombardment of the Dardanelles forts was obvious from a visit to the Asiatic shores of the Sea of Marmora. Only the ruins of Chanak remained, and in the almost deserted streets a kind-hearted butcher fed daily a multitude of homeless cats; but although 2,000 shells per hour fell upon the town and fortress, only two guns were struck, twenty-six men were killed, and fifty-two wounded. All this coast is one huge fortress, and the Asiatic shores are a continual menace to the Allied troops on the opposite sides. Aeroplanes seemed to be more useful in Gallipoli than any other weapon.

It is an odd thing that after giving what he was certainly fitted to give—a series of impressions of war in various dress and in strange places, Mr. Fortescue should at the end of his book attempt to give what a war correspondent, ever recording events as they fall out and ever travelling, cannot give—a series of general conclusions on the war. The machine-gun may be, as he suggests, the best weapon, and wire entanglements the unsolved problem. But how can he expect anyone to value his judgment that the wastage of the Allies is almost double that of the Austro-Germans, more especially as he hopes for victory by attrition, and states that the Germans are concerned at their casualty lists? Conclusions of this sort are a matter of the most careful sifting and correlation of diverse evidence. Of course this magnifying of the Allied wastage is but the foundation for the inevitable conclusion—conscription. It may be true that the Germans, as he says, would be depressed by our adoption of conscription. They are certainly stupid enough to be depressed; but if they were wise they would be elated. Let us take these statements of Mr. Fortescue's and another—that the Germans have defeated the Russians—as *obiter dicta*. They hardly serve to spoil an interesting concluding chapter if one is correct in feeling—and the writer almost hints it—that they are inserted by a sort of violence to the plan and scope of the book. For this "bread, cigarettes, and barbed wire" war on the inhospitable plains of Poland, on the storied Hellespont, and at the doors of immortal Troy, with the enemies of Alexander confronting the wreckers of Rome, has had possibly no other chronicler who has so firmly grasped the broad fact of its humanity and, in spite of its horrors and barbarities, its interest.

#### IMITATION AND ORIGINALITY.

"Latin Literature." By MARCUS SOUTHWELL DIMSDALE.  
(Heinemann. 6s. net.)

LATIN literature was avowedly an imitation of Greek. For the Augustan poet and critic, who, for all we know, may himself have been of Hellenic blood, it began with the Tarantine slave who rendered the "Odyssey" into Latin verse. The only branch of it for which the Romans ventured to claim originality was satire, and even satire took some of its color from the parabasis of Athenian comedy. Yet Roman literature was, as Mr. Dimsdale says, somehow different, and as many would say, more than somehow different, from Greek. The signs of complication which, if faint in Catullus, are evident in Horace, and become the mannerism of some Latin writers, may be due to study and to lapse of time. For other differences we may seek an

explanation in the national characteristics of the Italian race. Nor is such an explanation wholly put out of court by the fact that of the great Latin writers in the pre-Christian era only Lucretius and Cæsar drew their infant breath amid the seven hills. If Virgil was a Gaul, if Terence certainly, and Ennius and Horace probably, were even remoter in blood from the Romans, at least Plautus and Cicero were of Italian stock, and the Umbrian of the North and the Oscan of the South had their share in the spiritual inheritance of the Latins. The poets, indeed, were so little Roman that we may have more hesitation than Mr. Dimsdale in tracing their descent back to the chants of the regal era and the budding republic. There were, however, in the early days characteristics more easy to assimilate than a dubious gift for song. There were the germs of two great qualities, *pietas*, which involves the cheerful acceptance of man's limitations, and *religio*, which develops into a conscience. These qualities the Roman oligarchs in the days of their greatness often chose to forget, though they were never forgotten by the farmer's son from Arpinum, whom for a few months they adopted as their leader. The virtues which Cicero cherished appeared again in the court of Augustus, and found their noblest expression in the great epic of Virgil. Mr. Dimsdale holds that, while the empire was in building, the power of song was latent in its veins. If they were silent, it was because, just as the voice of law is hushed amid the clash of arms, so there is no audience for a poet while no man can be spared from action. Not till the menace of Carthage had been stilled could a Roman find time to sing or to listen to the exploits of his race. We should rather suppose that the silence came from the lack of a voice. It is at least significant that Ennius, the first poet to attempt a Latin epic, was in all probability by birth a Greek. His power to speak Latin and Oscan as well as the tongue of his ancestors enabled him to claim "three hearts," as Mr. Dimsdale phrases it, though "three minds" would be a better translation; and if it was the Latin mind that his circumstances led him to develop, in the Greek mind lay the source of his song. The very metre which he chose was almost as foreign to Latin as to English, and could establish itself only by means of a pronunciation which never descended to the mass of the people. Even in Virgil there are phrases which with this pronunciation form openings of dactylic hexameters, but in the speech of common life and of the stage are openings of iambic verses. The inference of a foreign fountain of inspiration may perhaps, as the history of English versification reminds us, not be conclusive, but at least it tallies with the other facts at our command.

So much has been written upon Latin literature that to a book of this kind and on this scale, it can be no reproach that it offers us little that is new. For the poets we have the guidance of the French critics, whose affinity of genius places them at the head of this branch of thought. Thus much we may say without, as we hope, in any way failing to appreciate the fine work of Munro, Sellar, Myers, Dr. Mackail, and others. Even on the masters of prose, the Frenchmen's work is sounder than that of their German rivals, while for Cicero one of our best authorities is a Pole. Mr. Dimsdale's plan covers all the men of letters down to Suetonius, but, wisely, he does not allot undue space to the lesser lights. We welcome especially his treatment of Cicero. No student of the German mind can help seeing how and why Mommsen failed to appreciate one whom Macaulay rightly placed at the head of intellects of the second order. A contempt for Cicero's politics, itself largely bred of a misunderstanding, created in Mommsen an equal dislike for his literary activities. The German historian failed to see the principle, if we may so call it—at any rate, the belief—which gave consistency to Cicero's politics. Cicero hoped to save the State by effecting a union between the landed aristocracy and the capitalist class. Mommsen, even if he had desecrated the principle, might nevertheless have derided it. He would have had no pity for its failure, and it must be admitted that even in abler hands than the orator's it might have missed success. Apart from politics, there was much in Cicero that must always remain dark to any disciple of a school of blood-and-iron. We may be willing to surrender much of the oratory. Always skilful and sonorous, it is sometimes mere advocacy, and sometimes degenerates into a scream. Yet we must not forget the

voice which in youth thundered against the oppressor, and in old age did not shrink from uttering what could hardly fail to provoke the assassin's knife. If we give up some of the speeches, we give up nothing else. The letters of Cicero and his friends bring us nearer to Roman life and thought than any other work in prose or verse. To Mommsen it was hardly credible that any man should find interest in Cicero's correspondence. He had no eyes for the humor, the playfulness, the vivid exactness, the earnestness that lay beneath the chance phrase no less than beneath the studied paragraph. The large humanity which no egoism can disguise, shines as clearly in the letters as in the philosophical treatises, and cannot in this country be accepted as pointing to a weakness of character. And the philosophy must be judged by its strongest points. Cicero may have been weak in metaphysics and may have framed no philosophical system, but the influence of his work, if little or nothing in exact thought, has had great weight in the moral attitude of ordinary men. It was much to preach the doctrine which he practised in his Asiatic province and in his too numerous Italian homes, that *ex victis* is not the last word in the gospel of conquest, and that a slave is entitled to something more than his chains. If Rome had had ears to hear, the invading barbarians might not have found in every Roman city a body of men to whom any change was welcome as a brightening of their lot.

Of all the Roman authors, we should say that there is but one to whom Mr. Dimsdale assigns too high a place. Byron, indeed, counts "Livy's pictured page" as a part of the resurrection of Italy; yet Byron must have known that, except in one matter, the drawing was out, the lines blurred, and the colors fanciful. We may concede that Livy could portray a man, and that within the limit of his own countrymen he could appreciate a great mind. This is no light praise; nevertheless, it is likely that in the future Livy's name will rather sink than rise. He was a consummate rhetorician, and so lavish in his art as to put highly-wrought speeches into the mouths of men in whose age the art of oratory was yet unborn. His early Volscian or his early Latin will give you such a speech as even Fabius or Marcellus could never have constructed, and Crassus or Hortensius might have been content to deliver. Nowadays we have a rising generation with whom the distrust of rhetoric may easily pass into a dislike for oratory, and even Livy's inimitable style may fail to keep his work afloat.

Mr. Dimsdale has done his work well, but here and there he is in error. His account of Tibullus is somewhat vitiated by the identification—not of course new—of the somewhat impecunious poet with Albius, the wealthy friend of Horace. There is no proof that Tibullus had Albius for one of his names, and Mr. Dimsdale seems to have overlooked the cogent argument by which Dr. Postgate has gone far towards overthrowing the identification. Again, Mr. Dimsdale, without word of doubt or caution, assigns the "Halientica" to Ovid. The false quantities of the poem must remove it from the Augustan age. Mr. Owen has indeed lately made a gallant attempt to defend them, but his success may well be doubted. By misdating the consulship of Plancus, Mr. Dimsdale carries Horace's wild oats down to a more mature age than was admitted, or we should perhaps rather say claimed, by the poet. Again, Cicero has not so many phrases to his credit that Mr. Dimsdale can be allowed to rob him of that which has the widest currency. It is true that Tacitus spoke of money as the sinews of war, but Mr. Dimsdale forgets that he borrowed the phrase from the fifth Philippic. We regret that Mr. Dimsdale should speak of an antiquary as an "antiquarian," but we rejoice that, after writing for some time of Vergil, in his later pages he is mastered by his literary instinct, and allows us to read of Vergil.

#### A QUICKENING SPIRIT.

✓ **"The Church and the New Knowledge."** By E. M. CAILLARD.  
(Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

✓ Its rather unfortunate title gives but an inadequate idea of the scope and true subject-matter of this remarkable little book; which is full of interest for many persons to whom

the official Church and its special problems make little or no appeal. Its theme is not: What answer can that Church make to the criticisms of science? but: What use can the results of science be to the Church, understood as the whole society of spiritual and God-seeking men? Hence there is a total absence of the tiresome and unconvincing apologetic of those who set out to "reconcile" science and religion by avoiding the real difficulties of both. Such reconciliation as is here attempted is indirect, arising naturally from the main subject-matter of the work: which is, put briefly, the light cast by modern psychology upon the Christian view of the nature and destiny of man.

St. Paul appears to have held and taught that the redemption of human nature effected by Christ was in essence the total transforming of it into an instrument of spiritual power. The first Adam was a "living soul"—a created being. But the last Adam was to be a "quickeningspirit"—a creative being. "In Christ"—in union with the divine life—man was destined to grow from the psychic to the spiritual state; and at last to participate in the kingdom of Reality. Now Miss Caillard contends that some such view of human evolution as this is supported by our new knowledge of the history and mental life of man—knowledge of which she here gives an extraordinarily lucid and interesting summary. A convinced evolutionist, accepting in the full the cruel facts revealed by a study of heredity and of degeneration, yet in the figure of Christ she still sees not merely Ideal, but also Potential man, the type to which all true human progress must tend: at once the norm, the pattern, and the firstfruits of perfected humanity. True, He transcended the ordinary limitations of mankind, pushed on to levels of being and of experience not yet achieved by the race; but this does not mean that these experiences are for ever denied to it. As men of genius in science or art leap forward to cut new paths for the generations that shall follow them, so Christ—regarded from a human, spiritual, but non-theological standpoint—may be looked upon as the one typical and complete spiritual genius, at once completely Son of Man and Son of God, opening up new paths for the spirit of humanity:—

"We have seen that individuality is the growing point of the race. In Christ human individuality reached its culmination. From Him it took a new departure, of which the result is very partially seen as yet. Nor need this occasion any surprise. The pre-human evolution of man occupied, it is now thought, millions of years; his subsequent evolution down to historic times, perhaps millions more. Judged by this criterion, the Christian departure is in its infancy so far. It is not yet made manifest what we shall be, even on earth."

Now the results of modern psychology, says Miss Caillard, suggest to us that man, did he better understand the resources of his own nature, did he develop to a greater extent his power of initiative, did he educate and control his senses, imagination, and will, might accelerate his own spiritual progress; push on the "new departure" towards its goal. Alone in creation, he has power over, and is largely responsible for, his own development: his evolution is or may be the result, not of "blind forces," but of conscious purpose. Therefore he can either strive for Utopia or wait for annihilation:—

"It depends upon his direction of those natural evolutionary factors which now lie largely under his own control, whether he will progress towards undreamed of powers or whether he will degenerate, as many forms of organic life before him have degenerated, and eventually pass away."

We will not pause to ask how the Church will reconcile this bracing eschatology with the Divine Benevolence; but pass on to observe that Miss Caillard applies it with interesting results in the spiritual as well as the physical sphere. There, too, it is "up to" man as an individual and the Church as a social organism, to show what he and it are capable of. There, too, unsuspected powers are waiting for his exercise of will, courage, and faith. There, too, a perpetual effort and striving towards higher levels are shown to be the price which he must pay for continued fullness of life. The evolution of man is the evolution of a spiritual being. In him, therefore, the physical is secondary; and should always so be considered if his life is to be wholesome and well-balanced. He tends towards a state in which the

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body shall be the docile servant of the mind and soul, and can further this consummation if he will.

The instances Miss Caillard gives of those unsuspected powers of mind over matter which have been revealed by experimental psychology are of extreme interest. They make it plain that many things which we now regard as "impossible"—not only in the well botanized fields of mental therapeutics, but also in those of muscular control, of attention, and of sense-enhancement—are only made so by the weakness of our own will and belief: by slackness, ignorance, and timidity. As yet, we have hardly begun to exercise even that mental control over our own bodies which all should possess: still less to experience that sure consciousness of power which is the proper characteristic of full human personality. This power springs from a deeper source than that which can be reached by mental discipline alone. Here psychology stops; but here religion goes on, for the proper province of religion is that life of the spirit wherein man touches the supersensual and thence draws a more abundant life:—

"Consequently," says Miss Caillard, "the life of the spirit, the life which, though it may be lived in the natural order, was not originated by it, but 'drew from out the boundless deep' of the Divine, is the life which it is all-important for man to cultivate."

It is, in fact, in the deepest sense his natural life; and those who do not possess it are not fully human yet. When a man has it, he becomes indeed a "quickeningspirit," redeeming by that pure and ardent vitality both his own bodily life and the life of that social body of which he is a part. Miss Caillard's ideal in this little book, so modern in form and so Pauline in thought, is therefore a practical ideal throughout. She looks to the Church, not for cloistered virtue, but for that which the mystics called "life-giving life"; and suggests to it how powerful a tool, how admirable an instrument of self-criticism, our new knowledge of human personality has placed in its hand.

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LIKE the general run of modern novels, these four are written hardly to please their authors but the public that affects them. They conform, that is to say, to the conventions required of them. Are they history? Then the hero must be muscular, virtuous, and combative; the heroine winsome, proud, sweet-tongued, and of a surpassing loveliness. Are they domestic? Then the hero must be patient, afflicted, gentle, but with a will of iron; and the heroine a trifle capricious, but in adversity appreciative of the hero's sterling qualities. Are they semi-realistic? Then the hero, or preferably the heroine, must be of singular charm, slightly tarred with mischievousness and by no means averse to semi-amorous adventure, but all the time of a heavily-carated heart of gold.

"Me" has been lavishly advertized as the "most amazing" novel of the year. Miss Webster's introduction declares that it was written in a fortnight, that the author (as indeed we should have expected) has not "branched out into any byways of style," and that the book "is one of the most astounding literary feats I have ever known." It relates the autobiographical career of a popular woman-novelist at the age of seventeen. "Nora Ascough" is for a short time a reporter on a Jamaican paper, "The Lantern." From there, because a native tried to kiss her, she is inveigled away to Richmond, U.S.A., by a Dr. Manning, to be his secretary, for insidious purposes of his own. Rescued by a multi-millionaire, Roger Hamilton, she borrows a hundred dollars from him and gets a "stenographer's" engagement in the Chicago stockyards. That, with a few excursions into short-story writing, is all. The rest is occupied with Nora's flirtations:—

"One of the chief men in the firm where I worked asked me to marry him. He was a divorcee, a man of forty-five, but looked younger. He said he made five thousand dollars a year. He wanted me to marry him and accompany him on a trip he was to make to England to buy goods. I refused him—but away from Roger, I confess there were the germs of a flirt in me—I told him to ask me again as soon as he got back. I might change my mind. Before sailing, he brought his young son, a youth of twenty, to see me. Papa had scarcely reached the English shores, before the son also proposed to me. An insurance agent offered himself to me as a life policy. Two clerks in our office were willing to take 'chances' on me. A plumber who mended our kitchen sink proposed to me just because I made him a cup of tea. I had a proposal from a Japanese tea-merchant, who, years before, had been my father's courier in Japan. Finally, that Western editor proposed to me upon his fourth visit to Chicago. And I am ashamed to confess that I accepted him, too."

Besides this group, Nora, passionately enamored of Hamilton, who, at the instance of his wife, becomes a co-respondent in a divorce suit, through his relations with the wife of another man, is engaged to two others. And this is the book which, as we are told, is of such acute "sociological" interest. As shallow and silly a book as we remember to have read.

"K" is a famous surgeon, who retires in dudgeon from his profession, because he loses two or three cases, through the jealousy of a woman. While in a gas company's office he becomes acquainted with Sidney Page, who, because he is backward in his declaration of love, betrothes herself to Dr. Max Wilson, a fashionable young doctor. Joe Drummond, who was also in love with Sidney, shoots Dr. Max, and "K," returning on an emergency to the old profession, extracts the bullet. "K's" self-sacrifice tips the scale in his favor, and he and Sidney make up for past frustrations with a positive welter of affection. The pages of "K" are, it is true, quite damp with sentiment, but, as a picture of domestic relations, it has a certain kindly, unpretentious manner which almost reconciles us to its amatory excesses.

It is rather a shame to include Mr. Sabatini's historical romance in the category of a mechanical adjustment to popular needs. It is concerned with three incidents in the life of Cesare Borgia, whom Mr. Sabatini, in a biography, has so valiantly defended from the aspersions of history or legend. The first episode—"The Urbinian," displays Cesare's craft in winning the impregnable fortress of San Leo from Duke Guidobaldi, by playing upon the superstitions and love of Bianca de' Fioravanti, the daughter of the Castellan, for one of his own condottieri, Lorenzo Castrocara. The second—"The Perugian"—revolves about Cesare's extirpation of the Orsini. Matteo Orsini finds sanctuary with the Lord of Pievano, and Ser Pantaleone is dispatched to ferret him out. The third—"The Venetian"—relates the Duke of Valentinois's defeat of the conspiracy engineered against him by the "Most Serene Republic" in the person of Prince Sinibaldi. In this book, Mr. Sabatini is not concerned either with apologies for or detractions against the younger Borgia. He simply takes over Machiavelli's estimate, portraying Cesare as a man of infinite guile, resourcefulness, and power of decisive action. Machiavelli's attitude, it is true, was primarily idealistic. Cesare was to him a symbol of the potential union of Italy, and Mr. Sabatini, by leaving this ultimate object in the air, rather tends to throw the emphasis upon the mere craft in the Borgia's compassing of his ends. Still, the events are neatly and precisely told, without any circumlocution or irrelevance. From the point of view of a strategical evolution of plot, they are admirably managed.

Ha, gramercy, "in nomen Dominum," in very sooth, and by thy gracious leave un-seemeth and we trow, Messire Jeffery Farnol, that this thy tale of doughty Beltane and hisen embracements of ye sweet and fettish Lady Helen in ye greenwood, lacketh not to be accompted right meet and seemly for ye Yule number of some well-selling magazine, pranked, bedight and eke diapered o'er with divers comely illustrations.

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It is probable that M. Maeterlinck has more admirers in this country than in France, and even if present events had not brought him into the foreground, a study of his place in modern literature was to be expected. Mr. Macdonald Clark's estimate of M. Maeterlinck's achievement has its *longueurs*, and would be better if it were more critical, but as an exposition of M. Maeterlinck's ideas it ought to prove useful. It has, at any rate, commended itself to M. Maeterlinck, who, after reading the manuscript, pronounced it to be the most complete, most thorough, and most conscientious study that has yet been devoted to him. Mr. Macdonald Clark's verdict on M. Maeterlinck's genius is that it "is less that of intense originality than that of intense insight and appreciation." The Belgian author saw the spiritual need of a return to mysticism in its purest form, and "has thrown the light of modernity upon past mysticism, and re-presented the scattered fragments in such a way as to make a united chain of thought." There is truth in this, for M. Maeterlinck has won much of his success because he has aimed at the ordinary reader, and has made it part of his task to popularize some aspects of philosophy and science. But when Mr. Macdonald Clark asserts that M. Maeterlinck "stands upon the pinnacle of the ideal," we have an example of a kind of criticism which is either meaningless or absurd.

## The Week in the City.

LORD DERBY'S recruiting boom has hit the City pretty hard, and even the joint stock banks are beginning to say that they cannot spare any more of their promising young men without grievous loss of efficiency. The bankers as a whole are not very well satisfied with the more or less self-elected committee which is supposed to have been advising the Treasury since the beginning of the war. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer really wishes to be in touch with the representative bankers and business men he will have to open up more channels of communication than at present exist. In view of the state of the American Exchange, the banking and currency situation in London might very soon have developments which would compel the Government, for the first time since the war began, to put finance first and to subordinate the rest of its policy to the prime necessity of maintaining the gold standard and the exchanges, upon which, in the long run, the food supply of the country mainly depends.

The Stock Markets have been moderately active, but our brokers and jobbers look with longing eyes across the Atlantic, where the feverish speculation in War Order Stocks have diffused activity through the Stock Markets and prosperity through the Stock Exchange brotherhood. The raising of the rates for Treasury Bills enables anyone who has the money to pay £950 to the Bank of England with the certainty that a year hence he will receive £1,000. But why are not Treasury Bills sold in denominations of £500 and £100? Why should not the man of moderate means be allowed to buy a Treasury Bill from the Government?

## THE RISE IN BRAZILIANS.

There has recently been an improvement in the Rio Exchange—*qd.* since August, to be exact—partly owing to a

revival in trade generally, but more particularly to the large increase in coffee exports, and there is increasing evidence that economic conditions in Brazil are on the mend. There has consequently been quite a rally in several of the leading Brazilian stocks, including San Paulos, Brazil Tractions, Leopoldinas, the various issues of the Brazil Railway, and Brazilian Government Bonds. The railway companies have benefited both from the higher rate of exchange and from the expansion of trade. The San Paulo Railway, which, as I mentioned last week, had to draw upon the carry-forward to pay a 10-per-cent. dividend, has increased its receipts for the first three months of the current half-year by over £150,000, and there should be no difficulty in paying at the same rate for this half-year. The Leopoldina figures are still below those for the corresponding period of 1914, but a decrease of £119,000 at the end of July has been reduced to one of only £10,500. The earnings of the Brazil Railway have also been growing, but the position of the company is uncertain until the Bondholders' Committee makes known the result of its investigations. The following table shows a few of the advances in quotations since the beginning of the month:—

		Price.			
		Sept. 30.	Oct. 27.	Rise.	
San Paulo Railway	...	163	175½	12½	
Leopoldina Railway	...	34½	38½	4	
Brazil Railway	...	5½	8½	3	
Brazilian Traction	...	50½	58	7½	
5 per cent. Funding Bonds, 1914	...	68½	75½	6½	

The Funding Bonds naturally feel the effects of a revival in trade, as they have a charge on the Customs receipts second only to the Five per Cent. Funding Loan. There has been practically no business in the 1913 Five per Cents., which have stood for some time at 63, the official minimum price.

## TWO AMERICANS.

Reports of the Illinois Central and the Reading Company are to hand this week, and both show the same features as we have become accustomed to in this year's reports of American railroads. Illinois Central's total operating revenue for the year ended June 30th was \$4,173,327 lower, at \$61,700,372. Operating expenses were, however, reduced by \$3,205,180, and the net income (including outside receipts) is only \$1,279,662 down, at \$6,859,161. The dividend is maintained at 4 per cent. The Reading Company, which is a coal and iron concern as well as a railroad owner, shows a year's surplus of \$9,060,956, against \$11,322,062 in the previous year, but the 8 per cent. dividend on the Common Stock remains. During the year the funded indebtedness of the company was reduced by \$1,187,500 by cancellation of bonds, certificates, and mortgages. The chief interest in the very uncommunicative report lies in the directors' reference to the State suit against the company under the anti-trust law. The court has decided not to disturb Reading's ownership of the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey, but suggests the separation of the Central Railroad Company from the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company, which is another Reading subsidiary. On the whole, the result of the suit may be called a victory for the Reading system. Price movements and yields on the London Market of these two companies Common stocks are shown below:—

	Price Jan. 1st, 1915.	Latest Price.	Yield at Latest Price.
			£ s. d.
Reading Common (\$50) ...	76½	85½	4 15 9
Illinois Central Common (\$100)...	110	114½	4 14 3

These yields to the British investor are somewhat lower than the usual of recent years.

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